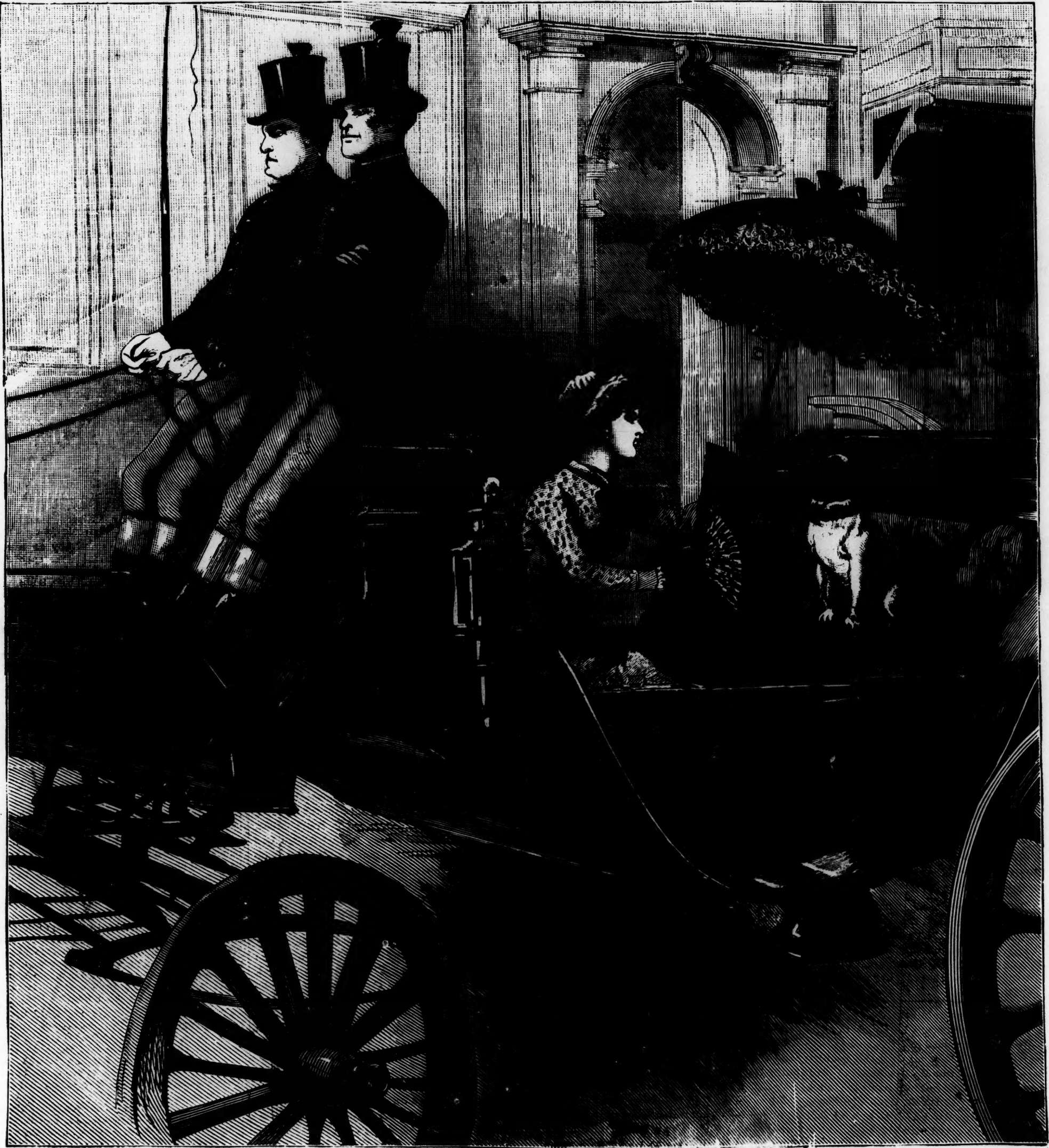


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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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PUG TAKES THE AIR.

THE DAILY DIVERSION OF AN ARISTOCRATIC PET WHICH MAKES THE BEGGARS OF FIFTH AVENUE WISH THEY HAD BEEN BORN DOGS.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

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FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

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A BILLY GOAT in Virginia City is said to have eaten part of the calf of a young lady's leg. But the stocking was stuffed with bran.

THEY have taken to roasting horse thieves alive in Texas. Texas has been steadily retrograding in the scale of civilization since its Legislature became too moral to read the POLICE GAZETTE.

THE hot weather seems to set the cauldron of dramatic wickedness boiling, as will be observed in our whispers from the stage. The boys and girls evidently feel the oats we hear so much about in the old proverb.

BERTHA HEYMAN is in the jug again. During every year of its existence the POLICE GAZETTE has had to say something about her. She is certainly as clever a knave as ever wore petticoats—a real confidence queen, as the newspapers call her.

MRS. SCOVILLE has made another break for notoriety in a suit against her husband for alimony. Poor Scoville! It seems as if the ghost of Guiteau would never get through cursing him for doing his best to save that scoundrel, living, from the doom he deserved.

A GREEK and a Russian consul's clerk have been enlivening things in Constantinople by fighting a duel, and the Muscovite had his liver perforated. If this is what happens when Greek meets Russian, the consequences when Greek meets Greek must be terrible indeed.

THE reports from the watering places indicate the usual indecent displays on the part of the swell bathers there. But what are watering places made for except to permit our swells to show themselves off with all the abandon they envy an actress on the stage for enjoying?

THIS is the season when the amateur oarsman breaks out on the Harlem river and the neighborhood, and he has broken out there very bad. But the boys might do a great deal worse. They might, for instance, join the militia, and go into camp at Peekskill and get up a dude parade.

JOHN BULL is in a terrible funk over that channel tunnel. But then the French are not the Irish, and he can't starve them to death or ship them to America to be kept for him. John is a good deal like the boy in the story who was a terrible fighter when the other boy was smaller than he.

THE burglars' lot just at this season is far from a happy one. The shooting he comes in for is decidedly 'out of proportion to the swag. He has had such hard luck all over the country lately that no one would be astonished if reformed burglars became as numerous in church circles as reformed minstrels, actors, gamblers and prize fighters used to be. It is noticed that whenever a truly wicked man plays out and is no good as a scoundrel or a fraud he reforms. This is what is generally called making a virtue of necessity, and a very sensible thing it is to do when you can do nothing better.

THE Christian Brother wants to know how soon the POLICE GAZETTE and its pernicious teachings are to be stamped out. About the same time, brother, as filthy preachers are purged from polluting the pulpit. The world cannot spare us till then.

IF we had a vigilance committee here now, we would consider it our editorial duty to direct the attention of that committee to the tenement house owners of New York. The reports of the Health Board show that there are a few who don't deserve hanging, but they are a very few.

THERE seems to be a little retributive justice left under the sun—that is if the report that Carey, the informer, has become bankrupt is true. But Carey is a sly dog, and we guess he isn't so badly bankrupt that he hasn't some dirty British gold left to keep his cur's life in him yet awhile.

JOHN BROUGHAM used to say that God made the militia service as a special providence for idiots. To judge from the exhibitions you see around the armory doors in this weather, John was about right. Somebody wrote to a paper the other day asking how any sensible man could enlist in a militia regiment. They never do.

WHAT has become of that order of the Police Commissioners relative to the clearing of Union square of the actors who make it a nuisance. There was one day's attempt made to execute it, and since then the old style of affairs prevails. A decent woman cannot pass from Broadway to Fourth avenue without being insulted. If that is not cause enough for police intervention we don't know what is.

BY the time this is read the great boat race is an accomplished fact, and another landmark has been erected in the history of American aquatics. As will be observed elsewhere we were on the spot. It must be a very distant spot the POLICE GAZETTE artists cannot reach or our representative find his way to, a fact which our readers have, however, already discovered by practical experience.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries are greatly exercised over the fact that we persist in going to press every week instead of collapsing under their highly moral denunciations of us. But we can't help it. Let our contemporaries go for the great American public. It wants us, and we publish for its benefit, not to please a pack of snarling bogus moralists, who are only sore because they can't wear our diamond buckled shoes instead of their own second-hand brogans.

THEY evidently appreciate the POLICE GAZETTE in Dakota. At White Lake or Aurora City we helped to make the Fourth of July memorable to the worthy citizens. They had an old-fashioned good time with horse, foot, and sack racing, baseball, dancing, etc.; but "the grandest event of all," writes a correspondent, "was the march of the Ragamuffins, headed by a gentleman made up as nearly as possible to represent the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE in all his manly beauty. A quantity of POLICE GAZETTES were also distributed gratis by our admirers. The people present, numbering some 10,000, cheered vociferously for 'Richard K. Fox and the POLICE GAZETTE.'" We are having a medal made for Aurora City. It has justly won it.

THERE never was a nastier scandal in the profession than the Mordaunt case. Both parties in it are an extremely bad lot, and now they are flinging filth at one another in a divorce court while the public holds its nose, but swallows the delectable mess with avidity, as it would get away with a Limburger cheese lunch. The past season has been a nice and moral one in the history of the stage. Only think. The de Belleville, Teal, Levy and Mordaunt cases all crammed into the short space of six months, with the cracks filled up by minor professional indecencies too numerous to mention. As the fat boy in Pickwick remarks, "Ere's richness" indeed—a little too rich a richness for people who are not actors and have, therefore, some claim to morality and decency.

THERE is going to be a way up ball season next winter here. Our codfish aristocrats and clam chowder nobility have got a new kink. It is an imitation of the costume reception as it is practiced in "dear old Lunnnon," you know. The girls are just wild about it, as it will give them the constantly coveted opportunity to wear as little clothing as they can get along with, and say and do all sorts of nasty things under cover of their masks. Our religious editor has received a basket full of invitations already and is having a sheet-iron mask and a suit of chain armor built to render his virtue impregnable. Even with these precautions he expects to run Beecher hard before the next asparagus season comes around.

WHO says this isn't an age of style? Even our tramps have a special fashion of their own. It is the fashion of rape. The young woman in the rural districts who doesn't carry a dynamite bomb is in as much danger when she goes out blackberrying as she would be at a camp meeting.

A PERSON out in Aurora, Mo., was kind enough to allude to Richard K. Fox a couple of weeks ago in his pulpit as an emissary of Satan. Since then he has been discovered coercing his little Sunday school boys to the most revolting practices. Where does the emissary come in now, eh?

QUEEN VICTORIA, it is said, has refused to confer the order of Knighthood on Henry Irving, the actor, on the ground that he is living with a woman who is not his wife. The Queen is a very virtuous old lady indeed since John Brown died. But what the deuce has Henry Irving ever done to earn a title, anyhow.

YOU hear a great deal about open air funds at this season. The rich, who are constantly growing richer, are always ready to adopt a cheap means of repaying their debt to the people who enrich them. However, half a loaf is better than no bread, and we ought to be, and are, grateful for the open air funds since we can get nothing better in their place.

THAT champion Denver strumpet, Minnie Clifford, has according to latest accounts taken to the stage as a profession. She will run her Holladay street dive, however, to supply her wardrobe expenses. The can-can is Minnie's stronghold, and her townsmen generally express the hope that she will kick so high that she will break her neck before she gets back to town.

WE thought our warning to the public against the welshers last season would be effective, but those industrious rogues are at it again this season on the race tracks as lively as ever, if not more so. Well, well, well! If people will read and not heed, it is not our fault. We can't do any more than talk cold sense to them. If they do not take advantage of it they must expect to suffer.

THE crop of foul and slimy scandals among the truly good continues as rich as ever, as our news columns show; and yet these people say there is no need for a POLICE GAZETTE in the world. If they said they had no use for us it would be nearer the truth. But we have a use for them, and we are going to put them to it as long as we have a pen to stab them with, and let their rottenness and corruption out to disgust and warn the world.

ANOTHER brothel keeper in New York cast out one of her slaves to die last week because the girl was too sick to attract custom. But this harpy will find no difficulty in keeping the supply of her slave market up to the mark. It will be only when the law steps in and licenses this business, as it ought to, that such atrocities will cease. We call ourselves a civilized people, yet in respect to the social evil we are more barbarous than the Russians.

THE trade dollar business is about the biggest skin which has ever been perpetrated even in this age and country of gigantic swindles. The government, to please a select gang of mine owners who had a lot of silver which they wanted to sell for more than it was worth, agreed to coin it into money for them. In order that the public shouldn't kick at this they gave it out that the money was made to swindle the Chinamen in China with, not Americans at home. After the dollars were coined, however, Congress passed a law making them a legal tender in America just long enough for the swindlers to unload, and when they had got rid of them the obliging bosses of our country repealed the law. The result was that the trade dollar, coined and legalized by the United States, was still not a legal coin. After a while the sagacious skins who worked the whole deal saw a new way to make money on the old racket. The trade dollars had only 85 cents' worth of silver in them, and Congress had said that was all they were worth. Through the newspapers they knew how to work. They started a panic against the trades, and the result was they are now a drug in the market. But mark what will follow. Congress will be asked to buy them in, dollar for dollar, and then the sharks who hold them will rake the pot. Not only the \$5,000,000 of them, said to be circulated here, but the bulk of the thirty odd million coined altogether will be dumped right into the treasury and exchanged for honest money. The result will be that the swindlers who made 15 cents on every dollar originally coined will now make 15 cents more, and the people will pay for it all. But what we would like to know is how much Congress is going to get for this philanthropic job. They never do anything for nothing in Washington, you know—or if you don't you ought to.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Alleged Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

"ALAS! alas! I loved amiss," cried an Olive street bachelor. His friends advise him to marry her.

A GIRL has been arrested while disguised as an old woman. The old woman disguised as a girl is still at large.

THERE is a young man in Philadelphia whose name is Hughard. All the girls are crazy to get introduced to him.

A CHICAGO girl wrote a poem on "Memory's Tomb." The typo omitted the "m" in the last word, and now the damsel is mad.

SOME of the village carts are so nice, and they carry such precious loads, it is no wonder the swell young man wants to become a village donkey.

SURPRISED eyebrows are among the new fashions. They are very becoming to a maiden when she suddenly hears that the ice-cream has given out.

DR. GRENELL, who probably thinks he knows, says all true love is grounded in esteem. And he might have added that it is often nurtured on ice cream.

DOWN in Arkansas, a few weeks ago, a man was bitten by a skunk, and shortly died of hydrophobia. We should think he would have been glad to die of anything.

"THINGS have come to a pretty pass," remarked Fogg as a young lady walked by the window where Brown and Black were sitting. The boys said they saw the "pretty pass."

AN exchange tells in half a column "how to woo a woman." It is the appearance of articles such as this that gives people the idea that editors know a little of everything—and in some cases blamed little.

SAID a student of one college to a friend who was attending a rival institution: "Your college never turns out gentlemen." "No," was the reply. "Our college allows gentlemen to go right on and graduate."

MEN grumble because cabbage is used as a substitute for tobacco in cigars, but they would probably grumble more if the best Havana tobacco should be served with their corned beef as a substitute for cabbage.

"WHAT is that—is it a circus acrobat?" "Oh, no, my son, that is a man who is kicking himself." "What makes the man kick himself?" "He has been to a masquerade party and flirzed with his wife all the evening."

IN India the wife cooks the dinner, the husband eats all he wants, and then, if anything is left, the wife eats. This looks bad, but it should be remembered that it gives the lady more time for conversation.

"DID that lady take umbrage?" said the proprietor of a Harlem store to his clerk, who had just had a wordy dispute with a customer. "Oh, no. She took ten yards of turkey red calico, and wanted buttons to match."

"POOR fellow, he died in poverty," said a man of a person lately deceased. "That isn't anything," exclaimed a seedy bystander. "Dying in poverty is no hardship. It's living in poverty that puts the thumbscrew on a fellow."

"IT is more blessed to give than receive," as the young man said when he imprinted a kiss on his sweetheart's lips. "I think so, too," she replied, as she returned the salute, and thus two hearts were made happy by a single quotation.

WHEN the editor proposed and was accepted, he said to his sweetheart. "I would be glad if you would give me a kiss," then observing her blush, he added: "Not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith." She could not resist that.

NOTHING disgusts the small boy so much as seeing a policeman riding on the back steps of a street car. He can't see why a policeman, who rides free, and weighs as much as five small boys, is of any more advantage to the car company than a small boy who doesn't pay.

A GERMAN professor thinks that slates lead to short-sightedness in school children. A saloon keeper down town thinks slates similarly affect some of his customers. He says when he puts their drinks "on the slate" they immediately lose sight of the fact, and their memory also become impaired.

"THEY had quite an exciting search for a lunatic down at your shop yesterday morning," said one of the boys to young Brown: "did you see it?" "No," said Brownie. "I was in Boston yesterday mawntin'." "Oh," said his companion, "that accounts for the failure of the searching party."

AN old colored preacher in Atlanta, Ga., was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for going to a ball."

"YES, brethren," said a preacher from his pulpit, "you are the passengers on a train speeding its straight and narrow way to glory, and I am the conductor of that train, thank the Lord." "You run her first class, I should say," remarked a stranger, looking over the congregation, "from the number of sleepers you're hauling."

"SEE here, landlord, didn't you advertise an entire absence of flies and mosquitoes at this place?" "Certainly sir; but those advertisements were prepared in March, and I assure you in the most solemn manner that we weren't troubled in the least until the last of May. If you had only come up here in April you would have had a glorious time."

FOOTPADS on dark street: "Hold up your hands!" Victim—"All right; but what do you want?" "Your watch and money." "Yes, of course; but, beg pardon, you don't recognize me; the plumber took down that next street a few minutes ago. I am an editor; and—" "Here, take this quarter to buy a lunch of cheese and something warming, and go about your business."

SUBSCRIBER writes: "The length of the ark was 300 cubits, the breadth 50 cubits, and the height 30 cubits. Will you please explain how Noah could have found accommodations for a male and female animal of every species in a boat of such limited dimensions and still have room enough left for himself and family?" He hired a Third Avenue horse car conductor to stow the animals.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Points of Interest from the Highly Moral Slums of the Stage.

Why Lotta won't Marry.—How an Actress' Husband Drove a Bargain, and other Dainty Secrets.

JEFFREYS-LEWIS is going to Australia. We can spare her, Heaven knows. What, by the way, has Jeffreys been doing these five years or so? Does any one know?

Who is the new bigamist they are talking about among the beer dives of Fourteenth street. Ha, ha, ha! Didn't we tell you that De Belleville and Teal were the only black sheep in the flock?

A PROMINENT member of the Lorillard family is said to have gone extensively into the backing of an alleged dramatic attraction. It is only fair that money made out of tobacco should go up in smoke.

If there is a bigger fraud in the profession than John A. Stevens we would like to know him—only as a curiosity, mind. When will the man who writes his pieces for him come forward and own up? When will the women who go to him for engagements tell what price they pay for them? When they do come to the front there will be some lively revelations, you can lay your life.

THERE was a rumor on the Square on Monday that Alvin Joslyn had died and been carted to the East River dump. Investigation, however, proved that the object removed was only a heap of garbage from one of the Italian macaroni shops on Fourteenth street.

THE sheeny of the Fourteenth street theatre got the bounce, with the biggest sort of a capital B, when Sammy of the Entrails stepped in. There always was one good trait about Sammy. He can snell a fraud a mile off. He ought to be able to, considering the company he has kept for so long.

WHAT is the reason an actor's statement must always be divided by two and have at least ten percent subtracted from them when they relate to figures? Why is it that when an actor says he gets \$50 a week everybody knows he gets \$20? Why is it that a \$300 house is always called a cool thousand? Why does the poor wretch who gladly takes \$150 for a play consent to help the buyer out in the outrageous lie that he paid \$1,500 down for it? The lie direct and the lie circumstantial are the two pillars which support the dramatic profession.

THE proprietor of the Prospect dive has issued an order not to admit any actors into that paradise of pimps and pavement polishers. The gang must have got pretty low when such a dive as the Prospect won't have them; but what better could they expect? Sitters for drinks don't pay the rent, and even the de-based hangers on of a night house can't stand such stories as these flowers of the profession regale their conversational leisure with. If Anthony Comstock were to strike one of these professional parties in a talkative mood not one of its members would escape conviction under the public morals acts.

LAST week the POLICE GAZETTE, which, after all, takes only a cynical interest in the theatrical profession, suggested that it would be a reasonable thing for the managers of the Actors' Fund to make some public statement to the poor reckless creatures who raised it, of its disposition and present dimensions. The calm indifference with which it is regarded by its trustees is as amusing to the outsider as it must be exasperating to the hungry and necessitous actor. Nobody who writes for relief ever gets any sort of answer to his letter, and each of the board has been appealed to, in one instance without the slightest attention being paid to his piteous complaint. It is to be hoped that the public has been bored for the last time to contribute its money to this utterly undeserving and ill-administered charity.

THE latest illustration of the truth that the stage has to rob the bagnio to keep its feminine end up comes from Denver. The notorious Maude Clifford, one of the vilest women of the West, has made her appearance as a can-can dancer in the Leadville variety theatre. Next season this low creature will have struck the "society comedy" round on the dramatic ladder, and before she shall be five years older will be running neck and neck with those graduates of preceding years, Maude Granger and Margaret Mather. The disinterested gentleman who has explored the Denver muck heaps for this new dramatic pearl hasn't been named yet. He is likely to turn out an exact western equivalent either of the wholesale oysterman who translated Maude Granger from one profession to the other, or of the aesthetic Washington Market butcher who got a receipt in full for all obligations from Miss Mather by paying for her debut as a tragic "star."

THE twin facts that John McCullough is suspected of suffering from incipient softening of the brain and that Miss Kate Forsyth is to go starring on her own hook, seems to promise the breaking up of a very interesting alliance. Miss Forsyth's great artistic talents are not to be exercised at the expense of another tragedian, while Mr. McCullough will, in the care of his zealous friends, be restrained from wasting his nervous energies for at least one season, in trying to sustain the important parts, the performance of which cost him such an expenditure of vitality and spirits. Miss Forsyth is a handsome young lady who began her professional career as a theatrical milliner, and was at one time the affianced of Mr. George Holland. Her professional future as a star seems to be guaranteed by the fact that she is already too strong a drawing card on her own account to justify any ordinary, or for that matter, even extraordinary actor in employing her as his chief female support.

MR. LARRY BRANIGAN-BARRETT, most insufferable coxcomb that ever mistook the stage for an intellectual profession, has not invited his old tailor father or his surviving brother to attend the marriage of the eldest Miss Branigan-Barrett to a German Baron. What an amazing shock it would cause that devoted Teuton if, at the wedding feast, there should appear the wraith of that member of the Branigan-Barrett family who died of literal starvation in St. Louis, while his scholarly brother was claiming, on his word of honor, to be in receipt of an income of \$20,000 a year! The good baron's disgust and concern would scarcely be more apparent and in-

tense if he were to be honored by a visit of his distinguished grandfather-in-law, the honest but talkative old tailor, who is the sire of all the Branigan-Barretts, and who is as carefully secluded, nowadays, from his son's company, as if he suffered from a much more contagious disease than a mere Tipperary brogue. Mr. Branigan-Barrett's surviving brother, by the way, has announced his intention of dropping in on the baron and his niece next time he visits Germany.

THE indecent way in which Dan Frohman pushes his favorites at the Madison Square theatre is accomplishing its logical results. One of the few really promising girls in the present company, Miss Enid Leslie, has retired in disgust, and other secessions are threatened. Meantime Daniel devotes all his energies to building up the pert and utterly incapable Miss Georgia Cayvan, who has been a steady and consistent artistic failure from the moment she left the atelier of her good mother, the Boston washerwoman, to inflict herself on a long suffering public as a "reader" and elocutionist. Dan's devotion to the Cayvan both annoys and amuses the other members of the company, who detest her with a cordiality that is actually refreshing. Her intolerable affectations have caused her to be put in Coventry by nearly all her female associates. Still Daniel pegs away at his puffs with such zeal and industry that he has won for the Mallory Syndicate the title of "The Society for the Promotion of Georgia Cayvan."

THE utter failure of "Tubby" Colville as a theatrical manager has become evident to everybody except "Tubby" himself. He, good, fat surly old soul, is so encouraged by the enormous unpopularity he has achieved at Haverly's Fourteenth Street theatre that he has actually contracted to undertake the management of Robinson's Opera House in Cincinnati, where he will replace one of the most amiable and good humored gentlemen in the business—Bob Miles, to-wit. The absence of "Tubby's" abdominal projection from the front gate of the Fourteenth Street theatre, where it has for the last six weeks proved an impassable bulwark against professional deadheads, will scarcely be lamented by the general public. It is not known whether Mrs. Emeline Linelight Reid will accompany him in his singularly appropriate exile to Porkopolis. But there is every reason to hope that the promised boon will not be a half-and-half measure. The best wishes of the POLICE GAZETTE will follow "Tubby" Colville to his future residence among the hogs of Cincinnati, where of course he will make himself quite at home.

AFTER all there really isn't any particular reason why actresses should turn up their noses at their recent recruits, considering the delicate compliment which most of the former pay most of the latter by their copious imitations of their habits and manner of life. For example, with what consistency can a theatrical aspirant of Twenty-seventh street be looked down upon by that particularly popular member of Mr. Wallack's company who drives on the St. Nicholas Boulevard every day in an equipage presented to her by a railroad monopolist, that she may meet and sweetly commune with another and younger lover in the club house of a horsey clique of stockbrokers? Again, is there much difference in the cases of the professional prostitute who swallows Paris green because her "fancy man" has deserted her and of the professional actress who, to the knowledge of everybody acquainted with her, drinks brandy to the *delectum tremens* point because the Spanish artist on whom she lavished her affections preferred to scorn that rather miscellaneous and showy tribute of regard? So far as the mere outsider sees it the only distinction between the \$40 a week Miss Maggie Arlington buying \$500 bracelets and driving out in her carriage and pair, and the \$10 per diem Miss Kitty Nolan, of the west side, doing the same thing, lies in the fact that while Miss Maggie is an actress as well as Miss Kitty, so far, practices a single instead of a double profession.

THE wretched Arfvedsohn, husband of Catharine Lewis, who is the son of a Swedish army officer, and who has inherited two or three small fortunes, is now tending bar in an Eighth avenue saloon, where he lives principally on lager and cigarettes. About six months ago he showed in the strictest confidence to every newspaper man of his acquaintance some letters written to him, at his request, by Mrs. Prince, the wardrobe mistress of the troupe. Loudly protesting his belief in the innocence and fidelity of his wife, Arfvedsohn read, with apparent pleasure, Mrs. Prince's minute description of the fair Catharine falling with a shriek into the arms of her property man Nixon and protesting that he was the only man she ever really loved. "I cannot let you have these letters," cried Arfvedsohn, "because they are sacred. The good creature who represents me in my wife's company and who writes them to me to show how things are going, would lose her place if they were disclosed." After which high minded protestation he tried to borrow ten or fifteen dollars wherewith to buy a pistol, go to Baltimore and put an end to the seductive property man. He tried to work Johnny Webster, of the "Troubadours," for the amount of his homicidal purpose, but Johnny, after offering him five dollars as an inducement to jump off a North river pier, compromised by paying for the beers. Somehow or other the chivalric Swede got hold of a ten-dollar bill and took the express to Baltimore. As soon as it became generally known that he had raised enough cash to carry out his deadly mission of revenge, the bulletin boards on Park row were breathlessly watched for the first report of what everybody felt would be a horrible tragedy. Mr. Arfvedsohn, however, like most actresses' husbands, has the most beautifully forgiving and considerate nature when he is kindly treated. He not only consented to take a drink with Mr. Nixon as soon as he saw him, but in the most manly and straightforward way, accepted Mr. Nixon's generous offer to put in a kind word for him with his wife. Before they parted, so complete was the surrender of the amiable Arfvedsohn that, in a burst of fraternal confidence and affection, he handed to his rival the cautionary letters of Mrs. Prince. But the next moment, full of remorse at what he had done in the exuberance of good fellowship, to avoid the base imputation of having given them away, he asked and obtained from Mr. Nixon the insignificant sum of \$5. It takes years of training as an actress' husband to bring a man down to this, but if that training be honestly and industriously persisted in, an actress' husband may descend to even lower depths of infamy, incredible as it may seem.

SOME of the dailies are very much concerned with the alleged marriage of Lotta to a Mr. Huss. Huss, by the way, was the name of the first Protestant martyr and would be a capital name for any man rash enough to immolate himself on the temper which goes

with Lotta's flame-colored hair. But as a matter of fact there is about as much chance of Lotta's ever marrying as of her going into a convent. She is a little old woman, only a mere trifle younger than her shrewd little old mother. Her heart is what mathematicians call a minus quantity, and if she ever really loved anybody, the object of her auburn affections was her own vinegarish little self. The traditions of her *affaires de cœur* in the past are simply absurd. She let one lover die in obscurity and penitence because he gambled away a few hundred dollars of her money—the loss being promptly made good by his relatives—and she has worn out the patience of every leading man and comedian who ever supported her by her exacting abuse of his time and patience. The best agent she ever had threw up his situation in disgust because he had to dance attendance on her like a lackey, seeing her into dinner, carrying her handbag, hunting up novels for her to read, unfolding her newspaper, and bringing her iced water in the cars when her Royal Highness was either thirsty or anxious to display her authority to her fellow passengers. No. There is precious little chance of this cross and cranky little woman's venturing, at this time of day, upon the troubled sea of matrimony. Some of the older "friends of the family" are making bets on the probability of the little woman's making a tri to Whitechapel to see the dog-fancying old publican, her esteemed papa. Very few of Miss Charlotte Crabtree's present admirers recollect Crabtree, *pere*, or the hasty manner in which, by favor of Mr. Oakley Hall, he was allowed to quit New York after restoring to his gifted daughter the money which she accused him of stealing from her. But a well known detective, who ran around town all night in a cab hunting up "My Awful Dad," says he will never forget the anguish of little Lotta and her mamma when they discovered that the senior member of the family had eloped with a modicum of its cash. Out of the money he was allowed to retain, old man Crabtree bought him a low ale house and gin shop in Whitechapel, where, amid dog fanciers and bird catchers, he spends the Indian summer of a very adventurous career on two continents. It is safe betting that his daughter is just as likely to pay the paternal Crabtree a visit as she is to annex some homely young "swell" of the Cecil Bayne order to the household over which little Miss Crabtree spectacularly presides.

IT is a curious fact of the natural history of the lower orders of animal life that the more you snub, crush, despise and condemn an actor, the more he runs after you, frequents your society, fawns upon you and invites your attention to his existence. For example, what is the favorite resort of the profession? The Morton House, says everybody in the same breath. Well, there is no place on God's earth where the actor is so despised, contemned and ill-treated as he is at the Morton House. The moment he learned that Shed Shook had given orders to the police to clear the sidewalk in front of it, that moment he went there in such numbers that the policeman had to give up his attempt as utterly futile. It only requires Mr. Morton's ukase that no actor could be allowed to "hang up a round" to fill the cafe with thirsty and impecunious members of the profession, waiting to be treated by persons of larger means or better credit. Almost entirely frequented by actors, the Morton House is the one hotel which will never cash a check for an actor or advance him \$5 on his baggage. Like the yellow dog which persists in crouching under the windows from which every variety of misdeed has been hurled at him, the actor always makes that his favorite resort where he is least wanted, and whence he has been most frequently and ignominiously kicked out.

LESTER WALLACK is beginning to weaken. A prolonged course of mismanagement and an unduly extended reign of Adelpate Arthur has brought him to scrawly straits, peculiarly. He has had to mortgage his house for \$25,000—a sum which he will never be able to recover for himself "on the road." It was said at the time that Arthur married Miss Moss that Wallack's theatre might be "kept in the family." It is even betting that nobody regrets the experiment more than Theodore Moss. Tommy Barton, the millionaire sock-jobber who, for mysterious reasons of his own, not altogether unconnected with ticket speculations, consents to preside over the box office, has a rather neat and expressive name for Adelpate Arthur. He calls him "the afternoon shadow of Lester Wallack," which seem to fit the emergencies of the case beautifully. The ruin's salary list entailed upon the house last season by the Adelpated one has been judiciously and thoroughly revised for next year. As an instance, Miss Measor, the young lady of the pennywhistle voice, got \$125 a week, and the young man by the name of Blackstone, who serves her in the double capacity of valet and husband, received \$75. But next year Miss Measor will give her justly celebrated vocal imitations of the piccolo for \$60 a week, and be glad to get it, while the valet husband will have to be content with a reduction of his wages to about \$25 a week. Even at this rate of reduction there will soon be nothing left for poor Wallack except another draft upon the actors' fund.

THE return, in fact the glad return, of McKee Rankin to a stock engagement at the Union Square, is about the biggest pin stuck so far into the "starring" bladder. Every queer variety hamfatter that took to making a guy of himself in circuit used to pattern after Rankin as much as after anybody else when he did his blowing. According to that demi-semi Scotch-Canadian Indian, the profits of "starring" were something tremendous. Beginning the business so badly off, that when the "Dantes" first looked like a failure at Duff's Broadway, he seriously thought of accepting McKee's offer of \$150 a week for himself and wife in the Chicago stock. Mack, in one year (if you believe him), cleared over \$21,000. Then he bought Bois Blanc, his Canadian principality, and used it as a basis of some of the most ingenious gratuitous advertising ever employed even by an actor. He used to ask everybody of his acquaintance to spend the summer with him. Room was literally no object. His summer chateau covered acres of ground, and was as spacious as a government barrack. On arriving at the nearest railroad station you were to be met by a pinnace rowed by Rankin clansmen in full Highland costume, enhanced by the feather headdresses of the warlike Chippewa tribe, to which the chieftain of the Magic Isle partially owed his existence. The whole business smacked of the Lady of the Lake, in fact. When the twelve—there were always twelve—rowers landed you in the Rankin principality, you were received by a guard of honor and conducted, to the sound of bagpipes, to the ancestral palace. There the Rankin-clan-Rankin welcomed you in Canadian-Gaelic, and a costume equally borrowed from that of an Aberdeenshire gilly and a Chippewa brave. You loved the salmon trout,

venison and champagne, and when you were tired of fishing and shooting (out of season) you were regaled with spectacular displays of the chieftain's blooded Shetland ponies and no mean packhorse mares. To believe in this fabulous fairyland, which no living man has ever seen) obliged of course a further belief in the tremendous profits which Rankin swore he derived from playing catarrhal old men. It clearly took \$25,000 a year to keep up such princely splendor. Who could doubt it? Even when it became known that the Scotch-Indian Lord of the Isle began every season in debt to Henry E. Abbey or Andrew Dam, the faith of the credulous was not to be shaken. True, that a smart shock was given to it when within 24 hours of signing a contract with Sheeney Brooks, the Rankin of Rankin drew \$2,000 from his manager, an account of which, by the way, the Scot and the Sheeney came almost to blows before three weeks had elapsed. But the last two seasons have impressed even the most sanguine believers in the Scotch-Indian with qualms of doubt, that when it was officially announced that he had given up "the road" out of an excess of conjugal devotion to his sick wife (whose name, by the way, he allowed to go upon the bills when he knew she was physically incapable of playing upon the stage), even his most ardent devotees began to doubt if his gains as a star came anything near the figures he had ostentatiously claimed for himself. The fact that his salary is officially put at \$500, is a proof that he is to receive just \$250 a week, or \$25 a week more than was paid to Mr. Charles H. Thorne. This is a decided gain of from \$75 to \$100 a week for the Lord of the Isles, and it is no wonder he smiles like a basket of chips when his friends condole with him on the cruel fate which makes him give up \$25,000 as a star a year for a mean \$500 a week as a stock "leading man."

SHOT DOWN IN HIS TRACKS.

Another Burglar Comes to Grief in the Land of Mosquitoes and Quick Justice.

[With Portrait.]

On Saturday, the 7th inst., about mid-night, W. Pierce, superintendent, and A. L. Wildrick, manager of the Franklin Iron company, at Franklin, Sussex county, N. J., were aroused by the ringing of the burglar alarm which connects the company's stores with their private houses. They immediately responded to the call, and on examining the building on the outside, found that a window had been raised. They also heard footsteps in the store. More assistance was summoned from the furnace, and the building was quickly surrounded. Mr. Pierce and Mr. Wildrick both taking positions at the rear of the building. The burglar, hearing the noise outside, started to come out of the back window by which he had entered, when Mr. Pierce ordered him to surrender. Not heeding the demand, he tried to jump out of the window. Two shots were then fired, quickly followed by two more shots. Just as the malefactor struck the ground he raised himself up and exclaimed, "I'm shot; send for a doctor," and staggering toward Mr. Pierce, who was standing about 15 feet from him, fell back and died without a struggle.

On investigation it was found that the dead man had entered the store by the rear window from which he jumped by means of a ladder, and after he had raised the window he pushed the ladder away from the building. He left his shoes outside, and was in his stocking feet. He carried the ladder from a farm house about one-half a mile distant, where he received his breakfast the morning before. He had no papers on his person by which he could be identified.

ANOTHER TRULY GOOD MAN.

A Very Loud Christian Sent to Prison for Five Years.

On July 2, J. T. Brown, Jr., the former U. S. Marshal of the district at Little Rock, Ark., convicted some time since of making and presenting fraudulent accounts, was fined \$1,000 and costs and sentenced to five years imprisonment in the House of Correction at Detroit, Mich. He is yet to be tried on the charge of perjury. Judge Caldwell, in sentencing him, said: "Mr. Brown, in some respects you are the most remarkable prisoner who ever stood at the bar of this court. You are a man of good education and superior business capacity. For many years you had enjoyed in the highest degree the confidence and esteem of your fellow citizens. You appeared to be a man full of good works, giving liberally of your means to charity and Christian purposes, and discharging with marked ability and energy the official duties of your church, and as superintendent of its Sunday school winning the affections of the children and the esteem of their parents. Your case, indeed, seems to be one in which the livery of heaven was stolen to serve the devil. You were during all these years a man of means. You were not, therefore, tempted by want to commit this crime. Your habits were good and you had no losses from gambling to make up. You had no family dependent on you for support. In a word, you cannot plead dissipation, gambling or other vices, nor want or poverty, in extenuation or palliation of your crime. It was coolly and deliberately done, for the sole purpose of gain and adding to the competency which you already possessed."

A HEROIC RESCUE.

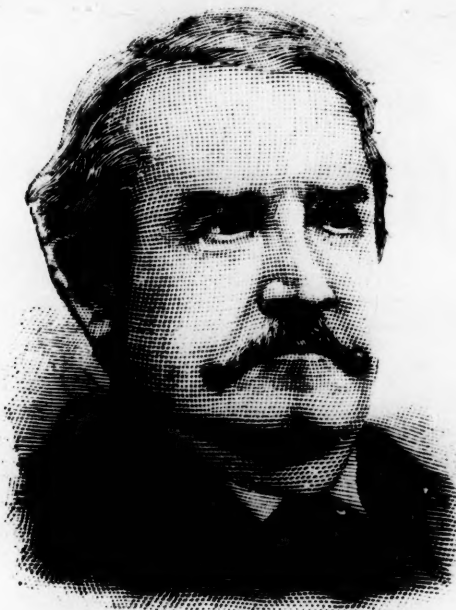
[Subject of Illustration.]

Some young ladies started to walk through the woods from the upper end of Sixth avenue to High Bridge. The road is a variegated one, leading up and down hill through the rocky wilderness on the verge of the Harlem river. The pet dog of one of the fair pedestrians monkeyed too close to the edge of the bank and fell into the mud. How to get him out was now the question. He was stuck in the mud and howling piteously five feet down a steep bank, with no sign of a horrid man to do any climbing in sight. But when woman will she will, and don't you make any mistake. His fond mistress stretched herself on the ground and, with her friend holding her by her shapely ankles, slid down till she could clutch her imperilled pet, when she gave the word, and was hauled back. It raised the deuce with her millinery, but what is millinery when such a precious object as a net terrier is in peril? Answers may be sent to this office, C. O. D.

THE SHOULDER DIVE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The newest novelty in the pleasures of the surf is known as the "shoulder dive." It is extensively practiced at Newport, Long Branch and other fashionable resorts. Our artist shows how it is done. Now go and do it.



Gov. CRITTENDEN,

THE MISSOURI GOVERNOR WHO HAS SUPPRESSED HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN HIS STATE.

Trouble in the Camp.

The owners of the private fishponds about Charlotte, N. C., have been annoyed so much lately by depredators that they have planted dynamite cartridges along the banks of the ponds. A string drawn across the grass connects with the cartridge, and whenever a foot strikes the string the cartridge explodes. A few evenings ago there was a colored picnic near Phifer's pond, and during the evening a crowd of the colored people went to the pond to fish, sit about and flirt, and eat their lunch. They assembled on the bank in proximity to one of

filled with flying dirt, weeds, grass, hats, shawls, parasols, provisions and lunch baskets, and the terrified picnickers stampeded for the woods. The cartridge was planted about 50 feet from the party, and none of them were hurt, but they could not have been worse scared. The bank was covered with abandoned hats, shawls and lunch baskets, and a hole ten feet square was in the ground at the spot where the cartridge exploded.

Novel Canoeing.

During the recent floods at Kansas city, Mo., the track of the Missouri Pacific RR. along the Kaw was submerged. Mr. Fred P. Lyman, a member of the Kenosha (Wis.) Canoe club, who was at that place making a cruise, was taken in tow by a locomotive belonging to that railroad company, and whisked along at a lively rate for some distance. This is probably the first instance of canoeing by rail in the history of that sport.



TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

A COLORED PICNIC PARTY AT CHARLOTTE, N. C., BROKEN UP BY AN INGENIOUS DEVICE OF A LAND PROPRIETOR TO KEEP AWAY TRESPASSERS.

Mrs. Brown has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Buffalo county, Neb., for murder in the first degree, the charge against her being that she poisoned Somers. Public opinion is very

brutally ill-treated by a St. Louis "cop." For a moment casting off his gubernatorial dignity, Gov. Crittenden appeared in court as the colored man's counsel, and caused a severe reprimand



SENT TO GLORY!

AN UNKNOWN BURGLAR SHOT DOWN WHILE BREAKING INTO A FRANKLIN, N. J., STORE.



IRWIN J. SOMERS,

MURDERED BY HIS MISTRESS, MARIA R. BROWN, IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY.



MARIA R. BROWN,

ON TRIAL FOR HAVING MURDERED HER PARAMOUR AT KEARNEY, NEB.



HAL HOLMES,

WANTED IN ORANGE, TEXAS, FOR A SERIES OF CRUEL MURDERS.

the cartridges, and in the course of a few minutes, while they were chatting away in blissful ignorance of what was to come, one of the party struck his foot against the string. Instantly there was a deafening report, and the air was

Poisoned Her Paramour.

In the present issue will be found excellent portraits of Maria R. Brown, of Kearney, Neb., and her lover and victim, Irwin J. Somers.

strong against her, and it will be difficult to obtain a jury. Judge Bixler, of North Platte, appears for the State, assisted by Mr. Caulkins, of Kearney. Mrs. Brown is being ably defended by Hamer & Connor, of Kearney. Mr. Connor is ex-State Senator. So far one hundred jurors have been called, and not one has qualified. Officer W. R. Learn has been mainly instrumental in bringing the alleged murderess to justice.

to be passed on the officer's most reprehensible action.

A Bloodythirsty Desperado.

Hal Holmes, whose picture we publish, is wanted by Sheriff D. K. Breazeale at Orange, Texas, for a series of terrible murders and thefts, covering a period of two years. Holmes always went around armed to the teeth, and being an exceptionally good shot, held every one in awe of him. His last murder was committed a couple of months ago, since which time he has not been met with in his usual haunts. A reward will be given for his apprehension.

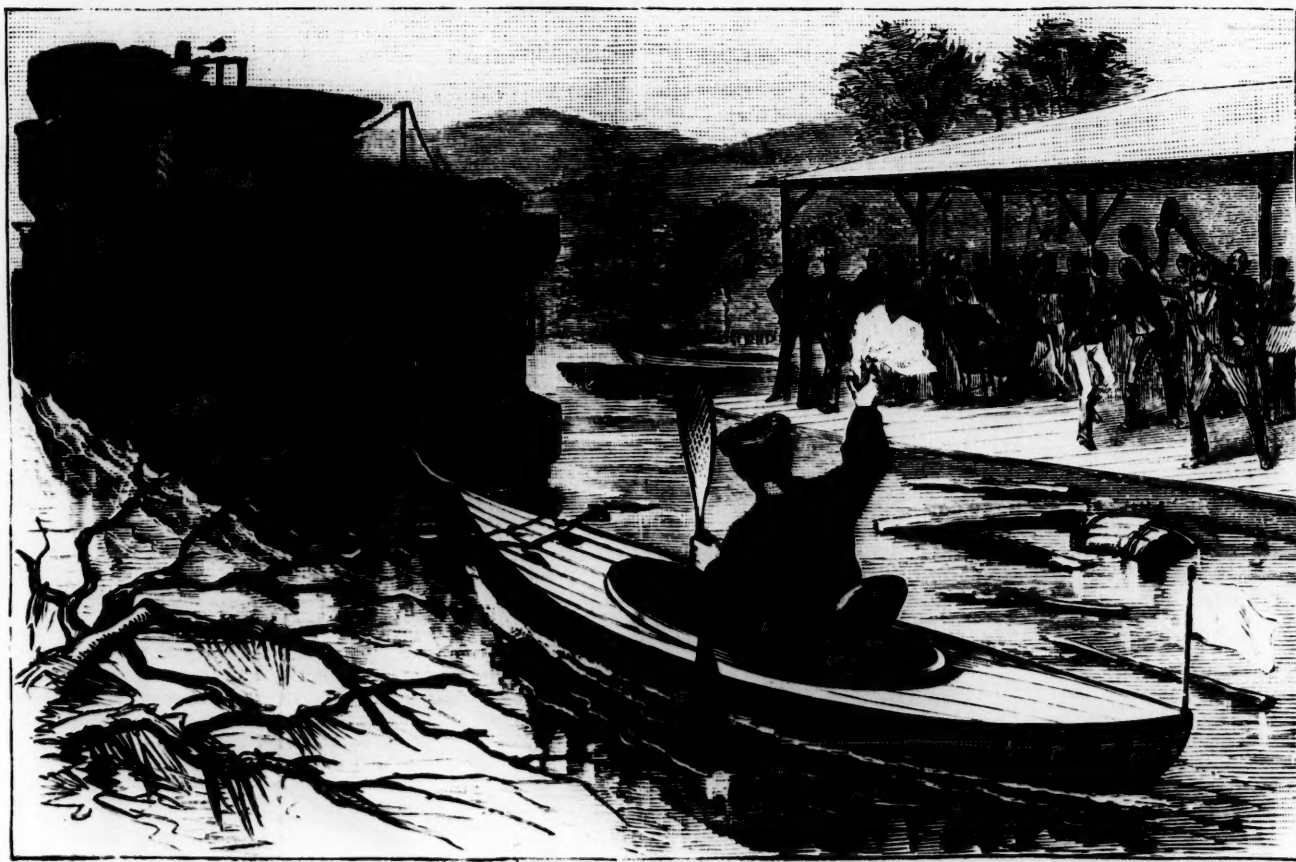
Gov. Crittenden.

We publish this week an excellent portrait of Gov. Crittenden, of Missouri, whose dealings with the James brothers have made him famous throughout the breadth and length of the Union. Gov. Crittenden, whatever his faults as an administrator may be, is personally a man of noble instincts and social refinement, and one of the ablest lawyers in his State. He is particularly popular at present, from having taken the part of a colored man whom he recently found being



BERTHA HEYMAN,

"THE CONFIDENCE QUEEN," AGAIN IN THE TOILS IN NEW YORK.



NOVEL CANOEING.

HOW A MEMBER OF THE KENOSHA, WIS., CANOE CLUB, UTILIZED A LOCOMOTIVE AS A TUG DURING THE RECENT FLOODS AT KANSAS CITY, MO.,

A Fight for Life.

That the life of a policeman is not always a happy one was thoroughly demonstrated in a desperate encounter that took place between two Jersey City officers and a burglar on July 9, which resulted in the thief being fatally wounded, and both the officers being seriously wounded.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, Policemen John Donovan and Charles Reynolds heard a peculiar noise coming from the premises No. 585 Grove street, Jersey City, occupied as a saloon by William Seeley.

"What can this mean," remarked Officer Donovan, "that sounds queer. There is no dog in Seeley's. Suppose we go in, Reynolds, and investigate matters."

It was agreed that Donovan should go in to the yard in the rear, to cut off retreat. He opened the side hall door, which was not locked, and entered. At the end of the hall he discovered a man, who on seeing him, bolted into the yard, and running to the fence, attempted to scale it. Donovan pursued him, and prevented him from carrying out his design. The two men then clinched. The burglar, perceiving that his antagonist was too powerful for him, drew a revolver, and fired twice, as rapidly as possible.

The second shot struck Donovan on the top of his head, inflicting a painful scalp wound, from which the blood flowed over his face in a blinding stream. The burglar then struck him on the head three blows with a jimmy that made him stagger, and almost felled him. Reynolds arrived at this juncture, and overpowered the burglar with the use of his club. The two policemen then led the man through the hall into the street, while he begged that they would not beat him, and promised to accompany them without any further resistance. On reaching the sidewalk, however, he suddenly tore his right arm from Reynolds' grasp, and pulling a pistol from his coat pocket, fired at Reynolds. The bullet went through the

policeman's cheek. Then he broke away from Donovan and started to run. Donovan pursued him, and the burglar turned with his pistol in his upraised hand. Before he could fire, however, Donovan shot him through the chest.

He fell in a heap on the sidewalk. Assistance was summoned, and he was taken to the Second Precinct station house. There the burglar gave his name as Frank Brown, and said he lived at 873 First avenue, New York, and that he was 32 years old. He refused to make any further statement, and asked that a priest be called, as he believed he was dying. The Rev. Father Brady, of St. Michael's church, was sent for, and he administered the last rites of the Church to Brown. The prisoner however rallied, and was removed to the Charity hospital, where Dr. Gray removed the bullet, which had pierced his left lung. The wound is believed to be fatal.

The prisoner has been identified by the police as Frederick Fritzler, a well known desperado, who has recently terminated a long term of im-

prisonment in Sing Sing. The wounded burglar evinces the most fiendish disposition, and expresses a regret that he did not kill the officers. When told that there was a fair prospect of his recovery, he said:

"Well, I'd rather die than take what's ahead of me; I suppose it will be 20 years."

The officers are getting along very favorably.

A Battle to the Death.

Old Kentuck is to the fore again. Near Lillietown, Marshal Hensley and a posse attempted to arrest one James Owen, on a felony warrant. He was a desperate character, and the attacking party numbered five, heavily armed. They approached Owen's house from different directions about midnight. They were fired upon, and at once demanded the surrender of Owen. A female voice from the house replied that Owen was not at home, and immediately an indiscriminate firing commenced, and 40 or 50 shots

were exchanged. Owen was indoors with three friends, and they made a desperate defence. Marshal Hensley was shot to death, and Ben Bagby, mulatto, wounded. These two were not found until morning, the rest of the posse having returned without having found out the result of the fight. It is not known whether any of Owen's friends were shot. Hensley was hit five or six times in the left shoulder and back, one large ball passing through his body. He lived, according to Bagby's statement, about one hour, and during that time called for help, and said he was badly wounded. Bagby was lying within about 20 yards of him with five bullet holes in his body and unable to move. He also was shot through the body; one of the bullets having passed through his abdomen. Hensley leaves a wife and four small children. He had been marshal of Greensburg about one year, and had made an efficient officer. Bagby is a single man and quite young. He is too feeble to make any statement in regard to the tragedy. His death is looked for at any moment. The entire matter is shrouded in some mystery. The details are not as clear as they might be. Some believe the arresting party became excited and fired on each other. The coroner is holding an inquest, and it is hoped will throw some light upon the subject. The Owen party escaped, and are still at large.

Bully to the Bull.

A Long Island paper says several young ladies who form a bicycle club at Flushing, were terribly demoralized last week by an attack from a bull who objected to the color of the red stockings which formed part of their club uniform. Considering the effect red stockings have on the average man when they cover anything nice, we cannot, on the whole, blame the bull much.



THE BULL AND THE DEARS.

HOW DRY GOODS AND DUST WENT UP BECAUSE A BELLIGERENT BOVINE OBJECTED TO A FEMALE BICYCLIST'S CRIMSON HOSIERY.



TOO MUCH LIGHT AND SHADE.

HOW THE GOODBY KISSES WERE TIMED AND A MATCH BROKEN UP BY A BACHELOR CLUB IN PHILADELPHIA.



A DEMON BURGLAR.

THE DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN TWO JERSEY CITY POLICE OFFICERS AND A HOUSE BREAKER, RESULTING IN THE DEATH OF THE CRIMINAL.

OTHER FELLOWS' WIVES

AND

Other Girls' Husbands.

THE RICHEST, RAREST AND RACIEST
SCANDALS OF FAST PARISIAN LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabelle Unmasked," "The
Prettiest Women in Paris," "Paris
Inside Out," etc., etc.*

III.

THE WHITE DOMINO.

Maxime could not console himself when his best and dearest friend Belantray got married. One fine day Belantray suddenly disappeared. Then it was discovered that he had got married, leaving all the gay and festive lads behind, and giving the very worst of examples. Maxime was so disgusted that not only did he refuse to act as best man, but absolutely declined to see his wife.

This evening above all at the opera Maxime felt the loss of his gay companion, as he languidly prepared to go to the masked ball.

"What stupid things habits and customs are," he said to himself. "One sees posted on the walls 'Masked Ball at the Opera.' One knows devilish well that it will be wearying, yet one goes for all that, without well knowing the why or wherefore. Formerly it was full of fun, because we went in a party, Tournecourt, Precy-Brissac, Bolsonfort, Taradel. They have all become as heavy as lead. Toste only remains true to fun and frolic, and I give him two years to become like the others. But Belantray I regret more than any of them. Such good humor, such abandon! It was impossible to be weary when he would say to you, as he always did, and with such a wink, 'She is as handsome as ever.' To-day he is a used-up man."

While indulging in these reflections Maxime lightly ascended the staircase of the Opera, while nodding right and left to his acquaintances who, in faultless evening attire, lined the walls. He arrived at the boxes and cast a melancholy glance around the marble corridors, so naked, so cold, while recalling certain adventures the commencement of which owed their origin to those very deserted walls. At this moment Toste, got up to kill his crush hat over his left ear, emerged, radiant from a box.

"Ah, you are having a good time," said Maxime. "I should rather say so, my dear fellow. I cannot move ten steps without some fair damsel coming up to me and whispering, 'Good evening, my little Toste.' I have ten addresses in my pocket already. I did not have a long siege in box 24, thanks to an old friend of mine from whom I obtained a window at Brignon's for the Republican procession of last March. I am still on the move. I say, who is that little black butterfly with white wings? Do you know who she is? She has superb legs. I want to see more of her."

And Toste set off in pursuit of the black butterfly, while Maxime gazed at his retreating figure with eyes of envy. For more than an hour Maxime wandered about, and more sad than ever was proceeding in the direction of the lobby, when he felt his arm taken. He turned to see at his side a tall, handsome woman, in a white domino of the most extreme elegance. A little wattleau pelerine permitted her round waist and admirable hips to be seen in the folds of a rich satin; the neck of the corsage was bordered with a ruche of soft lace, like snow; between her gloves of silk and thirty buttons, about an inch of white flesh was to be seen; under the rose colored mask her eyes appeared to be splendid, while the long beard of white lace attached to the mask added a strange fascination. The remainder of her head was enveloped in a magnificent Chantilly lace mantle.

"Well, my dear Maxime," said the domino, "what has become of you?"

"Faith," replied Maxime, ravished at this gracious apparition, "it is curious how you came to know my first name, as I do not know you at all."

"And I know you perfectly. Does your friend, Petrola, still care for you? And Lucy Regnier, does she want another farewell letter signed by you and Belantray. 'We each of us kiss your hands?'"

"How the deuce did you learn this?" Maxime was fairly puzzled; the voice was decidedly unfamiliar to him. "You have the pull on me," he cried, "but I mean to make up for lost time."

He slid his arm round the waist of his companion, but the domino leaped gracefully aside, bestowing on him as she did so a tap on the cheek with her fan.

"It seems to me that you are going a little too fast."

"Bah," retorted Maxime, "my theory is thunder-clap. Women that are worth succeeding with should be taken by assault. If one wastes time in making love to them it results in failure. Do you imagine that I am going to content myself by saying *au revoir*? Not much. I shall not let you go till you have given me a rendezvous."

The domino cast a glance behind her.

"Oh, you may look all over the place," said Maxime; "it is a matter of total indifference to me, for no interference will balk me," and he pressed her round and firm arm against his side, her laces exhaling all sorts of charming odors that almost intoxicated him.

"Well, when I give you a rendezvous," said the domino, "you will have gone very far."

"That is my affair," replied Maxime, with a light laugh.

"Then you consider yourself irresistible?"

"No, but if you consent to see me again I have the right to draw certain deductions."

"Your deductions would be absurd, my dear friend, and the best proof I can give you is to accept your challenge. I shall be at the Cafe Riche the night after tomorrow at 12 o'clock. You will ask for the 'white domino.' Now, I can remain no longer with you, I must go," and pressing his hand once more, the domino disappeared into the crowd, while Maxime triumphantly cried:

"You see that I was right."

And he returned to his quarters enchanted with his adventure.

During the two following days Maxime could not hinder himself from thinking a good deal of his fair unknown. He tried back among his rose colored experiences, but could find nothing that would put him on the track. The conversation, manner, voice, gestures were all those of a very fashionable woman. On the other hand, she had given a rendezvous at the Cafe Riche, and he was to ask for the "white domino." Under these conditions he could not expect to meet a swell from the Faubourg St. Germain. In any case she appeared to be very pretty. At midnight Maxime arrived at the Cafe Riche, ascended the stairs which led to the private rooms, and asked the head waiter if the white domino had arrived.

"No, sir," replied Auguste, "but I will open a private room for Monsieur, and will conduct the lady to him when she arrives."

Maxime caused a rousing fire to be lighted and set himself to work to order a piquant supper. At half past twelve no one had arrived. He began to find himself a little ridiculous at being alone opposite a table laden with the necessities appertaining to the ordering of supper. At a quarter to one no one had arrived. They would be laughing down stairs in the office at this gentleman who waited for the white domino.

At one o'clock Maxime, furious, put on his overcoat and left, without even returning Auguste's reverential if not ironical bow.

"She is evidently fooling me," said Maxime to himself, as he entered his apartment. "But I shall see her again, and she shall pay dearly for this wait. It is in a case like this that one misses one's friends. If Belantray was still with us how he would go in for this, and what help he would give me. I must call in the aid of Toste."

Maxime found a little perfumed note on his table: "DEAR SIR—Impossible this evening. Will do better. Come and dine with me the day after tomorrow. My carriage will come and fetch you, and will be at your door at a quarter to seven."

"How is this? She knows my address," cried Maxime. "Now she asks me to dinner. Her carriage, her horses. By Jove, let me follow the course of events, come what will!"

As always comes to pass in such cases, these delays had acted upon the imagination of our friend, and this time, weary, tired man was almost in love with a woman whose features he had never seen.

At the hour indicated he heard the wheels of a carriage stop opposite his door, and on looking out of the window perceived a coupe drawn by two magnificent bays, and driven by a big coachman with an excessively majestic air.

As the adventure took shape. Maxime began to feel as if he ought to be on his guard. Where was this coach going to take him? What if he were going to fall into one of those ambushes, where one is obliged to sign all sorts of agreements! He was compelled to confess that such stories were rare, but he was also compelled to confess that they did occasionally happen, and he recalled a misfortune that had happened to Toste, who had followed a lady on one occasion only to be robbed by his very boots.

On the other hand the white domino was very elegant, the carriage was in the best style, and were he to refuse to get in, he might perhaps lose one of the best chances of his life, a chance presenting itself under such delightful auspices. Taking a loaded cane and enveloped in a fur-lined coat, he descended. The coachman saluted. Maxime for a second had a notion of asking him where he was about to drive to, but he reflected that this question would appear too ridiculous, so he boldly entered the carriage and set off at a brisk trot. The carriage turned up the Boulevard Malherbes, and into the Rue Fortuny, and pulled up at a coquettish looking house on the Rue de Prony. The door opened as if by magic, and Maxime entered a vestibule hung with tapestries of the time of Louis XIV. Two valets of immense height stood at the foot of the stairs, both attired in gorgeous livery—short breeches and silk stockings.

"I beg pardon," said Maxime, as one of them removed his overcoat, "am I not right. Is not this the house of Madame —?"

"Sir," replied the domestic, "I cannot inform you. I am only hired for the evening."

Maxime proceeded up stairs. This strange reply of the servant had renewed all his uneasiness. Why was this man hired for this particular evening? These gentry in silk stockings were very large, and it would be a precious fix to fall into the hands of half a dozen of these giants.

On the other hand, why should he have been led into a cut-throat house, above all, a place so elegant. In any case it was now too late to think of retreating.

Arrived at the landing, the valet raised a heavy tapestried curtain, and after having traversed a long gallery, Maxime found himself in a very handsome and artistically furnished apartment. Near the mantel place stood a piano, at which a bald-headed man was engaged in playing. Near him was a woman, who was turning the pages of the music. This picture was evidently prepared. The woman wheeled round. She was exquisitely beautiful. Her golden hair stood on her marble brow like a nimbus. The two great devilish black eyes which had charmed and marked him at the masked ball gazed at him now in full earnest.

This glance reassured Maxime. So beautiful a woman could not be animated by very terrible intentions. She advanced, and extending her hand toward him in the most natural manner in the world, exclaimed:

"It is very good of you to accept my invitation. You are come to dine with me. Permit me to present to you one of my best friends, Count Folnikoff." The old gentleman rose from the piano, bowed, and recommenced playing. He had a Muscovite head far from reassuring. His whiskers were white, and of the mutton-chop shape. On his breast were innumerable foreign orders—truly too many decorations. But Maxime was not permitted to reflect; the lady, who was attired in rose-colored satin, drew him toward a sofa where she seated herself beside him.

"Tell me, my dear Madame, is this Russian Count going to dine with us?"

"Yes."

"That changes the aspect of affairs. You led me to hope for a *tele-a-tele*, and you now make me dine with a man I do not know."

"I assure you he will not be in the way."

And the old Russian, as if to sustain this assurance, kept playing on without so much as turning his head.

Maxime, receiving this as a sign of encouragement, took hold of the lady's hand.

"Pray be quiet," she said, with a smile.

"Quiet! I don't want to remain quiet," retorted Maxime, drawing nearer to his hostess.

But all of a sudden he stopped. A strange arrangement of the apartment had struck him. Three sides of the room were covered with pictures, one was entirely bare, and a green silk curtain hung over it down to the carpet. Why! What could be at the other side of this curtain?

"What is the matter?" demanded the beautiful blonde.

By Jove! I was asking myself why there are pictures all over the walls except on that one."

"And they say that women are curious," she replied.

"Know, then, you indiscreet fellow, that that curtain is there because it pleases me to see it there."

And she commenced to laugh, showing the most exquisite teeth.

Evidently behind this curtain stood some mysterious *bon-doir*, where one could escape the surveillance of the pianist. Maxime began to lose his head a little, and his heart began to beat faster than the fingers of the old pianist. He passed his arm round the waist of his hostess, and endeavored to drag her in the direction of the curtain. She resisted, but Maxime gained ground. He was but one step from the hanging, and a final effort would have placed his companion on the other side of it, when she uttered a little scream—a very little one, though—the pianist struck two chords, and the green curtain suddenly opened. Maxime, overwhelmed with astonishment, beheld ranged in two lines his friends, "Toste," Precy-Brissac, Bolsonfort, Tournecourt, and in the centre Belantray, who appeared radiant. Belantray advanced, and taking the blonde lady's hand, said:

"My dear friend, permit me to present to you Mme. de Belantray, my wife. You would not come to see us, so we had to fetch you."

Then, as Maxime gazed round him in stupefaction, Belantray squeezed his hand while uttering, as in the olden time of bachelorhood:

"She is as handsome as ever."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JERSEY'S SAVAGES.

How Women Are Depraved and Tortured to
Gratify Their Lusts.

Clarissa Bounds was a fast girl of the New Jersey pineries. She was fond of her grog and the society of men, and pretty enough to gratify both tastes without difficulty. She left her humble home some time back and went to settle in the pine woods in the congenial society of the charcoal burners. She lived at the camp of John Thomas, a white man, and Joseph Kelsey, a young negro, to whom she distributed her favors impartially. They drank and rioted together in a fashion that would have put a camp meeting to the blush.

At the close of a drunken debauch of several days, in which the girl participated, the white man, the girl and the negro crawled close to a smoldering coal-pit, the blasts from the ocean being severe, and went to sleep in the embers. At dead of night the girl aroused the camp with loud shrieks. She was enveloped in flames. When the fire was extinguished her body was burned to a crisp from head to foot, but, strange to say, she had inhaled no flames. It is believed by many that the men had poured coal-oil on the girl and fired her clothing. Life still existing, they assisted her to a hole in the ground near by, where she was kept without food or medical attendance for a day and two nights. Finally the Overseer of the Poor for the township, it is alleged, came and removed her to another hole in the ground, where she was again kept with her roasted frame subjected to the damp ground and cold air without treatment. Then she was brought to the poor-house at Smith's Landing, where she was refused admittance. She prayed for death, but was dragged back to the woods and again left all night in a roofless cabin called "nigger hole," without care of any kind.

Already she was a mass of corruption, but she did not die. Thrown into a wagon of straw, she was brought to Atlantic City, where she expired on July 3, having been taken charge of by the city authorities. The mayor took the girl's dying confession. He said the stench from her poor tortured frame was sickening, yet she would make no complaint against the men, who are, however, in the hands of the authorities. A rigid examination will be made at once.

QUEER PRANKS.

The Eccentric Conduct of Mrs. Lena Fredericks,
a Wealthy Hotel Proprietress.

Mrs. Lena Fredericks, owner of the Brighton Place Hotel, at Coney Island, is, to say the least, eccentric. A recent attempt to take the charge of her property out of the hands of one who was acting as trustee brought out some strange facts.

A year ago Lena Fredericks was adjudged a lunatic, and after a few weeks' detention in the asylum was released. Her uncle, Anton Schultz, was appointed committee of the estate, valued at \$15,000.

In the course of the examination a witness related that having heard that Mrs. Lena Fredericks had been found wandering in the streets of Washington in a state of lunacy, he went on there and brought her back. When she reached New York she pulled off her shoes in the Bowery and flung them into a hole dug by the plumbers. He could not control her except by force. He put her into safe keeping over night, and early next morning a messenger came to him and asked him for God's sake to come and get her into an asylum or she would kill herself.

When Mrs. Fredericks was called to the stand the following examination took place:

Q. The Court—Do you remember being in Washington?

A. Yes.

Q. Why did you go? A. I received \$50 unexpectedly, and I thought I would take a pleasure trip; everything was ready in the hotel for the summer business, and there was nothing to do; I had never travelled alone before, and I went by myself because my children are old fashioned and can take care of themselves. I felt lost in Washington; I went to a house instead of a hotel, and as I could stay for a little money—only \$5 for two days—I thought I'd stay. I got lost once or twice going home. I saw an officer watching me, and I stepped into a place out of his gaze. But he came up, and I gave him a piece of my mind and told him he would do better to mind his own business. The next day he had me arrested.

Q. How about the old shoes? A. I was so overjoyed to get back to New York that I threw them off; they were old, dirty slippers, and I was ashamed of them; I threw them down a hole.

THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

He Goes on a Great Picnic and Receives
Many Honors.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While the Religious Editor was trying on the last pair of pearl embroidered slippers presented to him by the ladies of his congregation, a modest rap at the door interrupted his labors. An elderly gentleman in solemn black entered, and introducing himself as the Rev. Elkanah Grits, of Philadelphia, expressed his desire to open his consultation with prayer. He was gratified, and having stuffed a \$900 prayer rug in his tail pocket, he stated that he came on behalf of the Second Presbyterian club, of his city, to invite Mr. Richard K. Fox and any of his representatives to the annual pious cruise of the club. The Religious Editor promptly accepted the invitation on the part of Mr. Fox and himself, and the Rev. Elkanah Grits, having abstractedly pocketed a diamond handled paper knife and one of the rolls of \$1,000 notes on the Religious Editor's desk, led in prayer again, collared another rug, and departed using it as a handkerchief. The Religious Editor respected his evident absent-mindedness. Besides, such trifles as he had mistaken for his own were too common in the office to be missed.

Cheers for Richard K. Fox and the Religious Editor rose at every station the palace car halted at between New York and Philadelphia, and the militia and Common Council of the Quaker City turned out to escort the illustrious visitors from the railway depot to Shakamaxon street wharf, whence the club was to depart upon a cruise. As the cortege, headed by a magnificently caparisoned elephant from the Zoological gardens, from whose back seven clergymen distributed POLICE GAZETTES to the multitude, passed through the streets, flags were flung from every window and brass bands brayed forth a welcome at every corner. At Independence Hall a halt was made to enable the Mayor to present Mr. Fox with the freedom of the city and the Religious Editor with a large bottle of Mumm. Both were promptly accepted.

The Second Presbyterian club received its exalted guests at the wharf, where the club yacht, with anchor atop, was swathed in bunting bearing such inscriptions as: "Philadelphia's Proudest Day," "The POLICE GAZETTE or Death," "E. Pluribus Richard K. Fox," "God, Our Country, and the Religious Editor," and many others. Amid the thunders of artillery from the saluting batteries of the men-of-war in the river, and the cheers of men and the tears and screams of fainting women on the pier, the yacht glided out into the stately Delaware and started on her voyage.

Having been presented in due form to Commodore, C. G. Simon; Vice-Commodore, John Lammon; Paymaster, Clifford P. Allen; Surgeon, Dr. A. Minich; Chaplain, John A. Lehman, and Mr. —, whose official identity was not stated, Mr. Fox and the Religious Editor were presented with the following sailing master's resolutions, engraved on a gold plate:

Eating clam bait before the fishing hour has expired will not be tolerated under any circumstances, except in case of shipwreck.

Three of a kind will beat two pairs—unless the pairs are alike.

Any member becoming dissatisfied with the management of the trip shall be at liberty to throw it up to the officers; always taking care to throw it overboard or into a bucket.

Any member found discussing the Darwinian theory Theology, Henry Ward Beecher, the Gas Trust, or the next President, or detected in singing Pinafore, shall be ducked by the police, to relieve the dryness of the surrounding atmosphere.

Any member speaking of the hold as "down cellar," or the deck as "up stairs" shall be required to study navigation before taking another cruise.

It shall be the duty of the commissary to eat all "invalid" eggs, red peppers out of the pickles and banana skins, in order that there shall be no waste.

The cook shall furnish all members of the club who were "born tired" with fish having the bones removed before coming to the table.

Greasing boots or hair with the best butter shall be considered a capital offence.

More than three frills or four bows on a single night-shirt will render a member liable to expulsion.

The sailing master shall not undertake to sail the boat until all hopes are abandoned; nor shall the surgeon fire his remedies into any sick member while there is a possibility of his recovery.

No member shall show up a straight flush with any of the spots covered by his thumb.

Any member embarking without a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE in his pocket will be thrown overboard on detection.

These resolutions read the party adjourned to dinner. The fare was simple but satisfactory, the menu being as follows:

Champagne Cocktails.	Bread.	Champagne.
Champagne.	Champagne.	Cheese.
Champagne Punch.	Pickled Onions.	
Champagne on ice.	Iced Champagne.	
Champagne Anyhow.		

The Religious Editor may chronicle the events of the trip when he feels better.

TOO MUCH LIGHT AND SHADE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The Miltum in Parvo club is one of the swiftest social organizations in Philadelphia. Its members are all bachelors. The moment one renounces his celibacy he is ignominiously expelled. For some time past it has been rumored that the most popular member of the club was about to forfeit his privileges. He was taxed with but denied it. He admitted that he was calling on the young lady with whom his name was coupled, but swore that it was in a purely social way. He had never hinted at anything else, he said. But suspicion still haunted the minds of the boys. They wanted to believe him, but they couldn't. One evening they followed him to the young lady's house. They plinked in the street till they thought he would never get through. Then two shadows appeared on the lowered shade of the parlor window, two shadows in alarming juxtaposition. They stayed there for thirteen minutes by the watches of the watchers, and they scored an average of sixty kisses a minute. The young man whose visits were merely social got such a geying that he started on a trip to Europe within a week, and the match, if there was any, is off.

HANLAN vs. ROSS.

Our Correspondent's Account of the Big Boat Race.

Crowds of Visitors from the United States and Canada—Hungry Travelers in Search of Hotels.

OGDENSBURG, July 15. It would be difficult to find words with which to express the fever of excitement among all classes in this pretty border town over the approaching Hanlan-Ross boat race. It is the sole topic of conversation on the highways and byways, in the back alleys and the remotest nooks and corners. And no wonder, for already 10,000 strangers—Yankees, Kanucks, aye, even Hoosiers and Southerners—have invaded Ogdensburg, and before the sun sets Tuesday night the population of the town, which in ordinary times is about 10,000 will have swelled up to high six times that number.

How this large army of mortals is to be accommodated is a puzzle to me, but I must acknowledge that the hotel keepers here have not been backward in preparing for the emergency. The hotels themselves have been filled for some days, and neither love nor money could secure a room in one of them. But several of the keepers, especially Mr. Crowley, of the Windsor, have rented four or five large halls and empty buildings in and around the town, which they have fitted up sufficiently well to accommodate several thousand guests. So great is the influx from all parts, however, by every incoming train and boat that by to-morrow even these improvised houses of refuge will be packed. And then what will then become of the belated travellers?

Although the majority of your readers have probably followed the negotiations leading to the forthcoming boat race, for the benefit of those who have not done so I herewith give a copy of the articles of agreement between Hanlan and Ross:

Articles of agreement made this 16th day of April, 1883, between Wallace Ross, of St. John, New Brunswick, and Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, Canada.

We, the undersigned, agree to row a scullers' race in best and best boats, over a course at Ogdensburg, N. Y., under the following conditions:

No. 1. The stakes shall be one thousand dollars (\$1,000) a side, and the championship of the world; five hundred dollars (\$500) forfeit to be posted with the editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, whom we agree upon as temporary and final stakeholder at the time of signing articles, and the other half, five hundred dollars (\$500) to be posted one week before the race. The stake money to be paid over on the written order of the referee.

No. 2. The race to be four miles, two miles and return, and to be rowed between the hours of 3 and 6 on Wednesday, the 18th day of July, 1883, in perfectly smooth water, the referee to be the judge of the same, and have the right to postpone the race from day to day between the same hours.

No. 3. The start to be made from boats anchored 25 yards apart, each man to turn his own stake boat, from port to starboard, said boats to be moored 25 yards apart.

No. 4. The race to be started after preliminary warning by the word "go."

No. 5. The referee to be chosen at the time of posting the final deposit, on the 11th day of July. If the parties to this contract do not agree upon a referee the stakeholder shall appoint some one to act in that capacity.

No. 6. The referee, in case of outside interference, if it affects the result of the race, may order the men to row over the next day under the original conditions.

No. 7. The race to be governed by the laws of boat racing as adopted by the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, excepting as the same may be qualified or ordered by these articles.

No. 8. Either party failing to comply with the provisions of these articles forfeits the money up.

WALLACE ROSS,
EDWARD HANLAN.

Witness (JACK MACLAREN,
F. E. POND.

In addition to this purse of \$2,000 put up by the oarsmen, the citizens of Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Prescott, the small Canadian town on the other side of the St. Lawrence river, have contributed a purse of \$2,000 to be paid to the winner of the race upon the final decision of the referee. Both Hanlan and Ross have been steadily training for the past two or three weeks. The former's headquarters are in a large frame building known as the old Morgan warehouse, on the banks of a small river which flows into the St. Lawrence at Ogdensburg. He is attended by George Lee, and has a suite of rooms at the Windsor Hotel. Ross' headquarters, on the other hand, are in Prescott, and he is seldom seen in Ogdensburg. Both men take a five or six mile spin up the river every day for exercise, when they are usually followed by shoals of small boats. Of course they both feel confident of success, not that they are either of them prone to announce to the world their sanguine expectations, for in truth a more modest, unassuming and at the same time pleasant race of fellows it has seldom been my good fortune to meet. But of course one can always tell when a man feels sure of approaching success. Do what he may he is bound to betray his feelings in some way or other. Physically the competitors seem about on a par. Their frames are well knit and their movements bespeak strength and tenacity. The sun has browned them like two chestnuts. It will doubtless be a hard tussle between them, even though the betting may be in favor of Hanlan.

The various committees have just completed the final arrangements for the race. Under their able supervision stands—one of which holds several thousand people—have been erected all along the race course, which is about a mile from Ogdensburg. They are draped with flags of all nations and gay bunting, and from the water present a remarkably striking appearance. A regular cordon has also been drawn on both sides of the course, which begins about midway between the lighthouse and the shipyard, and continues two miles up the river, for the purpose of preventing the intrusion of any strange craft during the race.

I should not forget to say that every arrangement has also been made for the accommodation of the press. The gentlemen having charge of this matter are C. B. Herriman, a prominent merchant of Ogdensburg, and President of the Citizens' Association, who

made up the \$2,000 purse; W. S. McKean, General Secretary of the Association, and principal promoter of the race, and J. H. Brownlow, Chairman of the Committee on Reception and Entertainment of the Press. The press headquarters have been established in the rear of Hanlan's boat house, where every facility will be afforded newspaper men for fulfilling the objects of their mission.

V. G.

MRS. SCOVILLE CACKLES.

Another Reminder of the Assassin, Charles J. Guiteau.

Mrs. Scoville, Guiteau's sister, has broken out again. This time it is a suit against her husband for alimony. She states that at the time of her marriage she was possessed of considerable property and afterward came into possession of more, all of which was taken by her husband and used up in the course of a few years. She accuses Scoville of infidelity with their housekeeper, among other things with staying in the housekeeper's room all night, and says he was also seen to leave the room of another woman at 5 o'clock in the morning. But he and his paramour begged her forgiveness which she granted for the sake of her children, but as year after year went by and he was becoming more outrageous and violent, she did finally apply for a divorce. Partly because Scoville dreaded lest his own scandalous doings should become public, but mainly because of his determination to use her property, he made a desperate attempt to incarcerate her in the "cell of a mad-house," entering into a conspiracy to carry out his fiendish purpose. Fortunately, she says, this plan was frustrated because there is a country called the Queen's Dominion near this land of boasted freedom. She has suffered great hardships since her return from Canada, Mrs. Scoville says, because during her absence Scoville took possession of all her property. Scoville has taken possession from time to time of the effects left by her insane brother, Charles J. Guiteau, telling her that if she interfered he would take everything by claiming that said Charles owed him \$20,000 for fees. For what? For getting him hung.

The story of her property troubles is told very fully, and her efforts to prevent Scoville from squandering her patrimony are cited in detail. She also remembers that in 1876 or 1877, when she thought of getting a divorce because of his infidelity, Scoville threatened to have her put in an insane asylum, remarking that it could be done on the certificate of two physicians in Wisconsin. Since Scoville's arrival in Chicago in 1882 he has avowed the intention of starving her into submitting to his will, repeating this threat by letter. While she was working hard at dressmaking, which is her present occupation, to support her child and self, Scoville several times tried by threats to Bertha to get the child to go with him. Finding her strength failing, and being in debt for her sewing machine and subject to various annoyances and hindrances from Scoville, Mrs. Scoville finds it almost impossible to earn a support. Through all she has lived in a respectable place, conducting herself with propriety, and furnished wholesome food for the child, even when going hungry herself. She has kept the child in a good boarding school, being obliged to take her away from the public school because of Scoville's actions. Recently Scoville agreed to help her to the extent of 50 cents a day, and also one meal per day, but at first she could not eat a morsel, and she had to walk 18 blocks after a hard day's work at the sewing machine to gain this pittance. When the child and mother go to see Scoville, so much abuse is heaped upon the mother that little Bertha will start down stairs of her own accord to go home, crying as she goes. Scoville's present housekeeper also insults the wife on every occasion. One day last summer, going to his office, she found the woman just finishing the process of cutting his corns, which, she expresses the opinion, is an extremely wifely office.

The document concludes that, as Scoville is still conspiring to defraud her of her property, to deprive her of her child and liberty, as he is still continuing to slander her, and as she believes her life in danger from his violence, she asks the Court that Scoville be restrained from visiting her place of abode, except as is stipulated by her; that he be restrained from threatening any kind of persecution, either toward the child Bertha or herself; that he be restrained from defrauding her further in any manner of her property; that he be restrained from slandering her or conspiring against her, and that he be compelled to contribute a specified amount, weekly or monthly, in advance, to the support of the child, Bertha, and also another sum for the support of his wife; that he furnish immediate temporary relief, and turn over all of Guiteau's effects to her. To all of which Scoville seems to reply "ha, ha!" for other news from him is wanting.

PUG IN LUCK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Every afternoon there may be seen driving up Fifth avenue a private carriage, with a coachman and footman in sober livery. Sometimes its inmates are a stout old lady and a dog. The old lady is always richly dressed, and the dog is of the pug variety and as sleek and comfortable as an Alderman. Often the carriage contains the dog alone. On such occasions the animal sits gravely up, with a supercilious and haughty expression, looking to one side and the other. The menials, side by side, hold themselves erect and silent upon the box, as if they were driving a monarch instead of a cur. The carriage is said to take a turn in the Park and then roll back to an old mansion in Washington square, where its precious freight is deposited, it is to be trusted, the better for his airing. The sight is a familiar one to the denizens of Fifth avenue. According to a policeman, to whom a GAZETTE reporter applied for information, the canine aristocrat is the only pet of a fabulously wealthy lady of old Knickerbocker extraction, who, whenever she is too sick or feeble to drive out herself, has the carriage run out to exercise him alone. Up to a couple of years back the mistress used to trust pug to the care of a fink for his daily promenade, but the dogcatchers got hold of him one day, and he was with difficulty rescued from a watery grave. Since then his mistress has never trusted him in the street. When she carries him with her shopping, the big footman stands guard over him in the carriage while she is in doors, only remounting the box when she returns to resume the protectorate over her treasure herself. The most astounding stories are told of the luxury lavished on this fortunate quadruped. He is described as eating off dishes of gold and sleeping in a silver cradle. Some authorities even go so far as to assert that he has a special attendant, and is served with dishes prepared for his palate alone.

AT HER OLD TRICKS.

Capture of Bertha Heyman, the Notorious Confidence Queen.

[With Portrait.]

Mrs. Bertha Heyman, the "Confidence Queen," is again in the meshes of the law. She was arrested on July 9th in Paterson by Detective Sargents Kush and Tooker on a charge of obtaining \$225 from Edward Sanders, of No. 43 Second avenue, by false pretenses. Mrs. Heyman, whose portrait is No. 1,061 in the Rogue's Gallery, has a criminal history extending back as far as the year 1868. She was then married to a man named Fritz Karko, a mechanic. About that time she formed the acquaintance of Charles Brandt, proprietor of a liquor saloon at No. 19 Bowery, and through her false representations induced him to lend her the sum of \$200, which she never returned. She left New York, and Brandt did not see her again until 1879, ten years later, when she called on him at his place of business and said that she had fallen helter-skelter to \$3,000,000 through the death of her father, George Curtis, of Poughkeepsie; her husband, Karko, was dead, and she had married a man named Heyman. She told Mr. Brandt that she had present use for ready money (\$900), and that she would return the same, with large interest, and also the amount first borrowed.

Her money was deposited with Albert Blatz, banker, of Milwaukee, Wis., upon whom she drew a draft payable to Brandt, and then induced him to accompany her to Kounts & Co., bankers, No. 20 Broadway, whence a draft for \$3,500 on the Milwaukee banker was forwarded. Brandt never received his money and lost sight of Bertha. She disappeared from New York for a time, but returned later with a retinue of people about her. In the party were a young woman whom she had taken under her protection, and also a protégé, a young Frenchman, Mr. and Mrs. Perine, and Lena Schwartz, who acted as French maid. Mr. Perine was a conductor on a Western railroad, and on one of her trips through the Western country, she made his acquaintance. By her pleasant stories of her immense wealth and under promise of making him an agent for her property in New York, she deluded him into selling his property in Chicago, from the proceeds of which she induced him to loan her \$1,000. When he arrived in New York he insisted upon at once entering on his duties. Bertha promised that when she came into possession of her wealth through Robert Bonner, whom she said was her guardian and executor of the will, the amount of money borrowed would be returned with interest. Perine became dissatisfied, and convinced that he had been the victim of a swindle, had Bertha arrested. She sent for a member of a Broadway firm, from whom she had previously obtained a large quantity of goods, to go her bail.

He deposited the full amount of bail, but on learning her character subsequently withdrew it. This man she had induced to furnish her with goods with representations that she wished to invest a portion of her wealth in the concern with which he was connected with and become a special partner therein. At this time she was living at a fashionable hotel and spending money lavishly. One day while out riding with the housekeeper of the hotel, she showed her a row of flats on Madison avenue, saying: "I own that row, and intend to alter them into an orphan asylum, and when I do I will make you the matron." In view of the prospective matrimony the housekeeper gave up her situation, took her savings of years out of the bank and placed them in the hands of Bertha as a temporary loan. The father of the French maid, Lena Schwartz, a shoemaker, was also induced by the specious pleas of Bertha to draw his money out of the bank and place it in her hands for investment. When finally released on bail, which she subsequently "jumped," she was next heard of in Canada, where she was arrested for false pretences, and in 1881 came to Staten Island, where she was arrested for stealing jewelry from Mrs. Pauline Schlaubaum, a widow. She was acquitted on this charge, and on her acquittal was arrested by Detectives Richard O'Connor and Fields upon warrants issued on the complaints of Charles Brandt and Theodore W. Morris, a merchant of No. 27 Chambers street.

The husband of Mrs. Schlaubaum, of Staten Island, had for many years been in the employ of a jewelry firm on Broadway, and was for many years a tenant of Mr. Morris on Staten Island. Mrs. Heyman told Mr. Morris that Mrs. Schlaubaum, with whom she boarded, she had known from girlhood, and that she would like to befriend her by purchasing the house in which she lived and presenting it to her. The price was agreed upon, the deeds drawn and payment was to be made by Mr. Morris collecting a draft for a large amount upon Albert Blatz, of Milwaukee, which she left with Mr. Morris. While negotiations were pending Mrs. Heyman induced Mr. Morris to advance her \$1,200, on the draft, and he subsequently found himself duped like the rest. On October 25, 1881, she was convicted in the General Sessions and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. The greatest achievement of Bertha was while she was detained in prison. She developed a scheme in her cell by which she swindled a trusting German named Charles Karpe out of \$1,000.

Karpe called to see her in the penitentiary several times before he was admitted by Warden Fox, but he begged with tears in his eyes to see her, as she was interested in certain property he had purchased on Long Island. On her release from the penitentiary, Mrs. Heyman came to New York and established herself at the Hoffman House, and has lived there in style for the past three months under the name of Mrs. Richards. It was while stopping there she became acquainted with her last victim, Edward Sanders, a broker. She represented to him that she had in a safe in the Hoffman House, a check for \$10,000 and also a quantity of bonds. On June 23 she borrowed from him \$40, July 1, \$60, on July 2, \$55, on July 4, \$100 and a diamond ring valued at \$200. On this day she called on him in an elegantly appointed coupe which she stated was her own, and which she intended to present him with when she could negotiate some of her securities. On that day he rode with her to the Hoffman House in the coupe, and when she reached there she said to the clerk: "Give me that package of bonds that are in the safe." The package was handed to her, which she placed in the care of Mr. Sanders. He opened the package a day afterward and found it to contain old paper. Through a well known man about town, in whose company she had been seen and who was shadowed by the detectives, she was traced to Paterson after she disappeared from this city. The man in ques-

tion was seen to enter a certain house in that city, and the detectives patiently waited for her appearance on the street. When she did appear she was captured and consented to accompany the detectives to this city. On arriving in Jersey City, however, she suddenly turned on her captors and said: "I am as near New York as I want to go. I know my rights, and I won't leave this State unless you take me by force."

She was subsequently, however, brought to New York, and will have to stand trial. Mrs. Heyman is about 31 years of age, of stout build, 5 ft 4 in in height, has brown hair and dark eyes and weighs 245 lbs. She has four moles on her right cheek. She has a pleasing expression, is a voluble and interesting talker, but is not particularly good looking.

COWHIDED HER RIVAL.

A Tip Top Brooklyn Scandal for Sensation Lovers to Enjoy.

Another of those racy scandals with which Brooklyn reeks broke out in all its corruption on July 6 at Coney Island. It seems for some time past an elderly man of good financial standing and alleged fashionable connections has been neglecting his wife for a certain belle in the Williamsburg section of the City of Churches. The wife swallowed his explanations of his frequent absences for some time. Then she became suspicious, and set to work to verify her doubts.

She worked quietly, but none the less surely, as the sequel will show.

The evening of Friday, July 6, was a busy one at the Manhattan Beach hotel. The great piazza was thronged and the waiters all were busy. At 7 o'clock a remarkably handsome young lady entered the public dining room upon the arm of a gentleman much her senior. Her fair face was a perfect oval in shape, with a classic nose and full but delicate lips. Large lustrous blue eyes, with an expression of mingled coquetry and innocence, shone under long silken lashes. Her complexion was the proverbial "peaches and cream," and her hair was of beautiful golden-brown color. She wore a white dress with bright ribbons. Apparently she was about 22 years old. With languid grace she followed her escort to a table, when the gentleman ordered a first class supper. It soon arrived, and the blonde beauty exercised her pearly teeth with telling effect upon the viands. Her companion paid decidedly more attention to her than to the meal.

The pair sat eating and chatting until the evening concert by Gilmore's band had begun. As the gentleman leaned forward and spoke in low, fervent tones, the woman's eyes, which had been haughty and cold at first, melted into sympathetic tenderness. The rich blood mounted to her fair face as she toyed with her wine glass, and the music seemed like an accompaniment to the deep voice of her companion. Meanwhile another woman made her appearance in the room. She was a brunette of perhaps thirty. After glancing sharply about for an instant she saw the blonde and her elderly masculine companion. With lips pressed tightly together, eyes flashing and nostrils quivering with anger, she crossed the room, drew a small rawhide from her pocket and struck the blonde across the face. The assault was so sudden that the blonde's companion could do nothing to protect her. Covering her smarting face with her hands the blonde retreated hastily from the room.

There was consternation in the dining hall for a few minutes. A man attempted to hold the maddened brunette, but she broke away from him and followed her fair enemy. When the first blow was struck a young lady at a table adjoining the one at which the assault took place fell to the floor in a swoon, and did not recover consciousness for 15 minutes. The blonde was soon overtaken by her pitiless rival, and obdubly a second whipping would have followed had not a policeman threatened her with arrest if she attempted it. Soon afterward the blonde and her elderly escort were seen on the train bound for New York, while the brunette was left walking nervously about the piazza as though still in search of blood. She was finally induced to depart by one of the officials of the house, and left, swearing vengeance. At latest accounts she had not accomplished it yet, for the reason, probably, that her rival has been in bed being mended. The most terrific efforts have been made to keep the scandal quiet, but there are whispers now of a divorce suit, with the usual plangent trimmings.

HE GAVE THEM WARNING.

Dr. T. B. Hutton, one of the most prominent physicians in Fergus Falls, Minn., about 40 years of age, married last year a beautiful and accomplished girl of 18. She was the belle of the town, and a prominent figure in every social gathering on account of her musical ability. Although she had many admirers, everybody applauded her choice of the popular doctor. Everything went well, so far as the world knew, until one day last week the young wife departed for the house of her father. The next day the doctor took the warpath with his Smith & Wesson self-cooker and sought the residence of a brother physician, Dr. Rutherford. He called the latter out of bed and, politely presenting the weapon at him, told him that he would have but 24 hours to get out of Otter Tail county. The house of a real estate dealer, William McKay, was next sought, and upon his head the same sentence was pronounced. When, however, the doctor's seven shooter had vanished and daylight had once more dawned, the vanquished gained more courage and had their assailant arrested and put under bonds to keep the peace. But the father and brother of the young woman were now out, and gave one of the young men some friendly advice. They were in turn arrested and put under like bonds. Then came out the story and explanation of the difficulty.

Rutherford and McKay are married men, but have been benedicts but a short time. Previously, when single, they boarded at Woodworth's house and paid a great deal of attention to the young lady in question. The doctor, however, distanced both of them in her affections, and carried her off as his bride. Since, he has it is said been informed that her former lovers had before her marriage taken advantage of the young girl, and it is even intimated made use of force to accomplish their purposes. A number of lawyers, report says, are preparing a case to be brought against them, and, although suit has not yet been instituted, the charge is so openly made by relatives and friends of the stricken woman that the story is public property. Dr. Hutton has a host of friends. The sympathy is with him, and if he has any real foundation for his charges his rivals are likely to have a hot time of it.



WHEN WOMAN WILL SHE WILL.

HOW A METROPOLITAN BELLE AVED HER PET TERRIER FROM THE FISH OF THE HARLEM RIVER.



AFLAME IN MID AIR.

HOW PROFESSOR MONTGOMERY FACED A DREADFUL DEATH AND ESCAPED IT ONLY BY A MIRACLE, AT BONHAM, TEXAS.

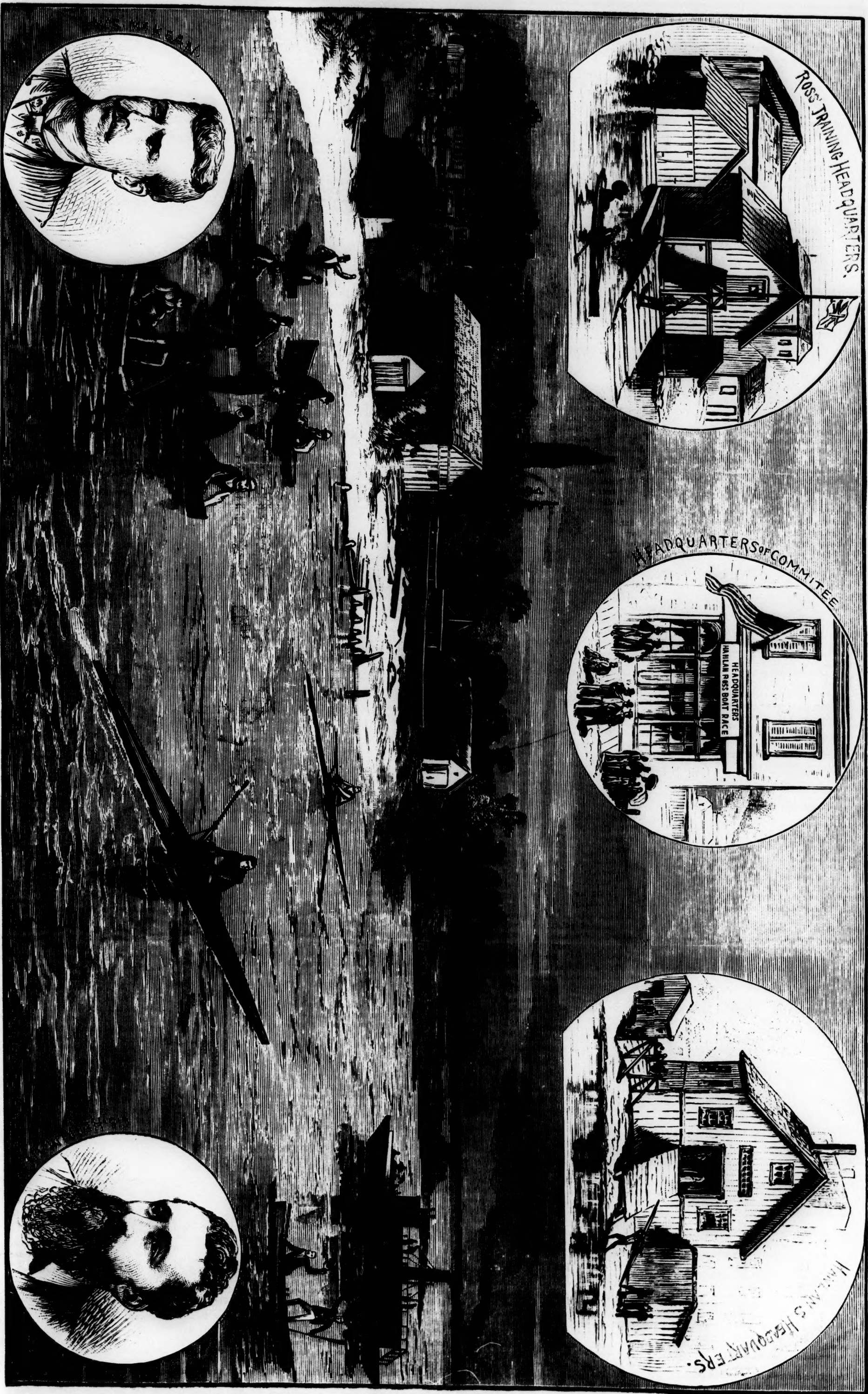


PIETY AFLOAT.

HOW THE RELIGIOUS EDITOR OF THE "POLICE GAZETTE" WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN YACHT CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, TO HIS OWN GRATIFICATION AND THE DISGUST OF SOME OF THE PIOUS SISTERS WHO WERE NOT TAKEN ABOARD.

THE HANLAN-ROSS RACE.

SCENES AT THE RACING COURSE AT OGDENSBURG, N. Y., WITH VIEWS OF THE CAPSMEN'S HEADQUARTERS, AND PORTRAITS OF THE OFFICERS OF THE RACE COMMITTEE.—From Sketches by Police Gazette Special Artists, on the Spot.



THE PRIZE RING.

Gallant Jem Belcher's Dark Days of Misfortune in the Arena.

Blinded by an Accident he Battles Bravely with Tom Cribb and is Conquered with Honor.

We complete this week our sketch of the brilliant career of the champion Belcher.

On the 19th of August, it being Camberwell Fair, Belcher and Berks, the two disappointed and hitherto considered equal champions, accidentally met, never having seen each other since their proposed match in Yorkshire, which we described in a previous issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Belcher first espied his pugilistic rival entertaining a number of people with the manner in which he would serve out Belcher the first time he met him; but this seeming to have happened unexpectedly, their first salute was at least civil. Jem, however, could not help expressing his regret that Berks should boast everywhere of his superior prowess, that he could beat him with ease, that Belcher was afraid to fight, etc. Berks did not deny these accusations, and offered to fight him immediately. They then adjourned to the bowling green belonging to the house where they met, and Berks attacked Belcher before he could get his shirt off. However, when they fairly met Jem put in a well directed hit, knocked out one of Berks' front teeth, and following it up with a blow under the ear, brought him down. Berks not being quite sober, and Belcher indisposed, their friends agreed that they should meet next day at Oxendon street, Leicester square. This being settled, they separated.

On Aug. 20 they met according to agreement, and after some negotiation respecting the order of proceeding they went each in a separate hackney coach, accompanied by their friends.

At a little before 1 o'clock the parties arrived at Tyburn turnpike, where they immediately fixed on the first open space, a large field directly behind St. George's chapel, which faces Hyde Park. The combat having been so suddenly determined on, very few amateurs were present.

A purse of thirty guineas was subscribed for the winner, and five for the loser, by the amateurs present. A few minutes after one they entered the ring; Belcher accompanied by Joe Ward as his second, and Bill Gibbons as his bottleholder; and Berks, by Tom Owens as his second and Yokel, the Jew, for his bottleholder. After the accustomed salutation they set to.

Round 1—Berks showed in this round that his hope of gaining the battle rested upon his superior strength. He ran in, closed upon Belcher, and tried to throw him, but failed, when Belcher dextrously accomplished what his antagonist was so desirous of doing, and had his man down on the grass. Some blows were struck, but no blood drawn.

2—Berks followed the plan he had commenced with, ran in, and received a well aimed blow from Belcher in the throat, which drew blood. They closed and Belcher again threw his opponent.

3—Berks once more ran in with great pluck, and with much adroitness planted a sharp blow on Belcher's right cheek bone with his left hand; he then put in a severe blow between the shoulder and the breast, which, had it been lower, would have done execution. While aiming another blow with his left hand, Belcher rallied, closed, and a third time brought Berks down with a hit and a close.

4—Berks rushed upon his adversary, missed his blow and fell.

5—Berks ran in with great force, caught Belcher by the hams, doubled him up, and threw him in the style of a cross-buttock; Belcher pitched on his head with such force it was feared his neck was broken.

6—This was one of the most severe rounds that had been fought. Berks ran in as usual; several severe blows struck on each side. Belcher struck Berks on the side of the head, a second on the neck, and a third on the throat, all truly severe. They closed, and each displayed his utmost skill and strength in wrestling; at last both fell, neither being able to claim any advantage.

7—Berks had lost his gayety; he seemed less eager, and his strength evidently began to fail: when put to the test, he still, however, showed great spirit. They closed, and Berks was a fourth time thrown.

8—Berks during this round fought on the defensive, but at that he had no chance. Belcher put in several good blows, and terminated the round by bringing Berks down the fifth time.

9—Bets at this time were twenty to one in favor of Belcher, who did not appear the least exhausted. While sparring, he was nodding and talking to his antagonist, at the same time putting in some most severe and unexpected blows. Poor Berks was again brought down.

10—Berks set to with spirit, and came to close quarters. Belcher put in some awful hits, and struck unusually sharp; he cut Berks under the left eye, then under the right, and thirdly planted a most dreadful blow between the throat and chin, so severe that it lifted Berks off his feet, and his head came first to the ground. Belcher fell from the force of his blow, and as they both lay, the blood gushing up Berks' throat, he collected in his mouth and squirted it over Belcher. This he did not relish, and swore he would pay him for it in the next round.

11—Berks was evidently beaten. Some blows were struck, they closed, and Belcher threw Berks.

12—Berks now showed considerable weakness. This round ended by Belcher's throwing him.

13—Berks again came up, Belcher struck five or six blows, closed, and again threw him. Berks was now heard to express a wish to give up, but his second desiring him to persevere, put a handkerchief to his mouth and stopped his utterance.

14—Berks showed game, but his strength was gone; in short, he only stood up to be beaten; every one manifestly saw he had no chance of success. After a few sharp blows, Belcher closed and threw him on the chest, where he laid for some seconds, and then yielded the palm. He was several times asked by Joe Ward if he had given in, and distinctly answered "Yes." He could scarcely see or stand, and was so shockingly cut about the face that it was impossible to distinguish a feature.

Belcher carried no marks of the battle, excepting the bruise on the cheek bone and his left shoulder. After the battle was over he leaped with great agility, and having walked three times round the field, left it

on foot. His style of fighting in this contest was his own peculiarly, putting in with astonishing rapidity his three successive blows, and knowing Berks' superiority of strength, avoided closing whenever he was able.

Tuesday, August 24, Mr. Fletcher Reid, the pugilistic amateur, gave a dinner at the One Tun public house, in St. James' Market, to a number of the professors of boxing. Berks was there, and in the evening Belcher called in, when Mr. Reid addressed Berks, telling him he must now be convinced it was impossible for him to beat Belcher, and asked him to give him his hand, which he immediately consented to do, and the two champions sat down at the same table, and spent the remainder of the day in good humor.

Next, John Firby (the Young Ruffian), who at this time, 1883, stood high in reputation, offered himself, though certainly stale, as a candidate for "the Bristol youth's" favors. A purse of 100 guineas was subscribed by "the dons of Newmarket race course," as the prize; and they were to meet on Tuesday, April 12, 1883. But the magistrates of Suffolk and Cambridge getting wind of the meeting, exerted their authority to prevent it, and on the Monday evening before, sent notices to the men that a fight would not be permitted. A secret meeting was immediately held, and it was determined to repair to the nearest spot in the county of Essex, where they might fight unmolested by the magistrates. Accordingly, by 6 o'clock the next morning, every one in the secret was in a bustle, procuring vehicles and horses for their conveyance. At 7 o'clock Belcher started in a post chaise, seated between Joe Ward, his second, and Bill Warr, his bottleholder. They pursued the London road, followed by an immense retinue. When they had got to the distance of half a mile beyond Linton, and about 15 from Newmarket, being in the appointed county, they turned out of the road on to a level piece of ground, and there resolved to decide the contest. To prevent a possibility of any interruption it was judged expedient to be as active as possible. They immediately commenced the formation of a ring, which was accomplished without much difficulty, there not being many pedestrians. This being executed the combatants were called and informed that the collection was 100 guineas, but with regard to the terms on which they contested they must themselves decide. They immediately agreed 90 guineas for the winner and ten for the loser.

The combatants without loss of time began to strip, and after the usual ceremony, at 8½ began the fight:

Round 1—The disparity in size was considerable, Firby standing six feet one and weighing 15 stone, Belcher five feet eleven and barely twelve stone. The combatants remained inactive for some seconds, when Firby put in a blow at the head, which Belcher avoided, and immediately returned by two blows, left and right, but without much effect. They closed and both fell, Belcher underneath.

2—Belcher immediately struck Firby in the mouth, from which blood flowed copiously, and following it up by a right-handed blow on the side, brought his antagonist down.

3—No harm on either side.

4—Both combatants rallied, and both put in some severe blows. They closed, Belcher fell, and while on his knees Firby struck him. A cry of "Foul! foul!" resounded on all sides. Belcher appealed for a decision of the point, but wished to go on rather than take advantage of such a circumstance. At this time a parson and a constable arrived from Linton, and endeavored to prevent the further progress of the battle; but the combatants not paying much attention to the sacred cloth or the legal staff, commenced the

5th Round—Firby, who now had a black eye and spit up blood, shifted, and seemed afraid to approach his antagonist. Belcher facetiously beckoned to him, when he came up and struck, but so slowly that Belcher avoided it by a jerk of the head, and while he was making a violent hit at Firby's side, he fell.

6—In this round, which undoubtedly was the best contested throughout the battle, it became apparent that Belcher's strength increased, while that of his adversary was much exhausted. Firby with much irritability, made some severe hits at Belcher, which he, however, either parried or avoided, so that not one of them told. Belcher smiled and looked about him with the greatest composure, even in the heat of the round, and carefully watching, put in a well directed blow in the stomach, at the same time closing he gave his antagonist a cross buttock with great violence.

7—Much hard straight-forward fighting on both sides, but Firby had the worst of it.

8—Firby rallied, made a hit which Belcher stopped with great adroitness, and immediately struck Firby over the mouth, cutting his lip severely; Firby, however, returned it by a sharp hit, but did not draw blood.

9—At the first onset Belcher put in a severe blow over his antagonist's right eye, and immediately resuming a defensive attitude, very cheerfully said, "How do you like that Johnny?" Firby made a desperate blow, but overreached himself and fell. Belcher smiled, and while he was down pointed at him with great irony.

10—Belcher followed his opponent round the ring, and put in some severe blows, which Firby stopped, but not effectually; Belcher at length gave him a knock-down blow, when his friends insisted he should give in.

The contest lasted twenty minutes, during which time Firby never had any chance of success. He had ever been considered a first rate pugilist, and consequently the amateurs expected one of the best displays of science that ever had been witnessed; but whether Belcher's name overawed him, or he really had fallen off in his style of fighting, he in this contest fell much short of what was anticipated. Belcher after the battle had not the mark of a blow perceptible.

An unfortunate accident now struck down the skill of this talented boxer, and clouded his after life in every sense. While playing at rackets with Mr. Stuart at the court in Little St. Martin's lane, on the 24th of July, 1883, Belcher received a blow from a ball struck by the marker, of such extraordinary violence as literally to almost knock his eyeball from its socket. This distressing accident and the heavy recognition on which he was bound by the magistrates after having been arrested for the fight with Firby had a most depressing effect on Jem's spirits and health, and he announced his retirement from the ring. His friends rallied round him and placed him in a public house, the Jolly Brewers, in Wardour street, Soho, where he was well supported. But Jem's spirit was active, though prudence dictated entire retirement. A quarrel between a brother of Jem's (who soon after died) and Hen. Pearce, the Game Chicken, his fellow townsman and protégé, led to this unfortunate re-

contre. The lavish praises, too, of Pearce's friends excited Belcher's envy; he declared that he had taught Pearce all he knew, and spoke slightly of "the Chicken's" ability and skill.

Joe Berks, upon Belcher's retirement, claimed the championship; but Pearce, of whom we shall soon give the pugilistic career, was invited to London by Jem, with a promise to procure him patronage and a match with Berks. Pearce had twice beaten Berks, and subsequently Elias Spray, Carte and, lastly, John Gully, when Belcher rashly challenged "the Chicken" for 500 guineas, to fight within two months. Pearce appears to have been much mortified at this challenge, but his position as champion forbade him to decline it. Mr. Fletcher Reid, Belcher's firm friend, staked for Jem, and Capt. Halliday posted the 500 for "the Chicken." This was the first defeat of the renowned Jem.

Belcher had materially declined in constitution, independently of the loss of his eye. Among these serious effects of that accident was a nervous depression and irrepressible irritability which, according to the testimony of many who knew him intimately, he tried in vain to control. Upwards of two years had passed in retirement from active pursuits, and in the ease and free living of a publican's calling, when Belcher came forward, upon Pearce's claim to the championship, to dispute his title. He could not be persuaded of the difficulties of meeting so skillful and formidable a boxer with the loss of an eye; and when too late he discovered his inferiority. Belcher fought in his accustomed style, and tried his usual hits with adroit rapidity; but it was not that they were often out of distance, and that his defective eyesight was painfully made evident. When this was aggravated by blows over the good eye, his aim became utterly confused, and he became a victim to his own fatuity. Nevertheless, poor Jem endeavored to make up for deficiency of sight and aim by an astonishing and unequalled display of courage and gayety; and though the skill and science on both sides deserved respect, the spectators could not avoid seeing that Belcher's guard was no longer ready, and his rapid antagonist planted on him so severely and frequently as to excite the regret of his friends that such a combat should have been provoked, and that the envious infirmity of human nature should have thus blinded the mental judgment as well as the bodily sight of so able a champion. Jem's spirits, however, never forsook him during the fight; and at its close he declared "that his sorrow was more occasioned by the recollection of the severe loss of a particular friend who, in fact had sported everything he possessed upon his head, and had been one of his most staunch backers and supporters through life, than as to any particular consideration respecting himself," a generous sentiment and well worthy of record. Fully conceding the excellence evinced by "the Chicken" in science, wind, strength and game, we may yet be allowed the supposition, that had this contest taken place when Jem Belcher possessed his eyesight in full perfection, its termination would, to say the least, have been very doubtful.

Respecting Belcher's two battles with Cribb, when the circumstances of the case are duly appreciated: when it is recollected that his spirits must have been somewhat damped by previous defeat, and that his powers were known to be on the decay previous to his fight with "the Chicken," it must be allowed that his heroism and science shone resplendently.

In the first fight with Cribb, as may be traced, Jem's superiority in tactics was manifest. The former was severely punished; and not until Belcher had received a most violent hit over his good eye, and sprained his right hand, did Cribb appear to have an opening for a lead. In the seventeenth round the odds were two to one on Belcher, and in the eighteenth five to one, when Cribb was so much beaten that considerable doubts were entertained whether he would be able to come again; and even at the conclusion of the battle Cribb was in a very exhausted state. Until Belcher lost his distance, from his confused sight, victory appeared to hover over him.

In the last battle that Belcher fought his courage was principally displayed, and he by no means proved an easy conquest to Cribb. Since the loss of his eye it was the positive wish of his best friends that he should fight no more, but he was not to be deterred, obstinately neglected good advice, and would not believe in the decline of his physical powers. In this last battle his disadvantages were great. His opponent had made rapid improvement in science, was in full vigor, and a glutton that was not to be satisfied in a common way; still Jem gave specimens of his former skill; but they were rather showy than effective, for the strength had departed. His hands, too, failed him, and for several of the latter rounds he endeavored fruitlessly to prolong the contest without the indispensable weapons to bring it to a successful issue. Youth, weight, courage, freshness, and no mean amount of skill, were too much for the waning stamina and skill of even a Belcher to bear up against.

After his last defeat by Cribb, much of Belcher's fine animal spirits departed. He was depressed and taciturn, and his health much broken by twenty-eight days' imprisonment to which, with a fine, he was condemned for his breach of the peace by that battle.

His last illness approached, and, with at most two of his firmest friends, the once formidable champion departed this life on Tuesday, July 30, 1811, at the sign of the Coach and Horses, in Frith street, Soho, in the thirty-first year of his age, and on the following Sunday was interred in the burial ground of Marylebone. The following inscription may be yet read upon his tombstone

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES BELCHER,
Late of St. Anne's Parish, Soho,
Who died
The 30th of July, 1811,
AGED 30.

Universally regretted by all who knew him.

Bob Turnbull, although defeated, is still full of fight. He is anxious to meet Dempsey, of Brooklyn, for either a purse or a stake.

Kelly and Murphy, the star boxers of this city, have organized a combination, and recently appeared at Easton, Pa., to a packed house.

Barney Aaron, the retired lightweight champion pugilist, is now connected with Kelly & Bliss, the popular New York bookmakers, and doing just as well on the turf outside the ropes and stakes as he did inside.

Charley Norton's challenge to fight any pugilist in America for \$1,000 and the lightweight championship of America, has not been accepted, although he backed up the challenge with a forfeit. It is a wonder some of

the pugilists of the lightweight division do not pick up the gauntlet and agree to meet Norton in the magic circle. The backers of Jim Murray, of New York, boast that they will match him to fight any one, and one would suppose that Norton's challenge would be just the thing to suit them.

Why don't some sporting man find the dust for Benjie Greene to have another shy at Jim Murray? Greene called at this office a few days ago and asked Richard K. Fox to back him to fight the rising young pugilist, but having so many sporting events on hand, Mr. Fox declined to do so. It will be remembered that Greene made a capital but up hill fight last summer with Murray, and it is certain that if he again meets Murray that he will probably do better. Greene is anxious to fight, but not for less than \$1,000 a side. Murray must feel elated at all the lightweights being eager to fight him. It reminds us that after Paddy Ryan was beaten by Sullivan nearly every State in the country had a pugilist who professed they were eager to fight Sullivan, but all they done in the matter was to forward bundles of challenges to this office unaccompanied by a deposit, which helped to fill the waste basket.

Tompkins Gilbert, the pugilist, who visited this country last summer with Tom Allen, still keeps the Ship Inn at Lincoln, England. We are informed that he intends visiting this country in the fall, and that Jimmy Carney will accompany him.

Alf. Greenfield's sporting house, the Swan with the Two Necks, in Livery street, Birmingham, is crowded nightly since Frank Wilson, the Mouse, and Funny Cooke returned from New York. The sporting men for miles round congregate to listen to Funny Cooke's yarns about New York pugilists and the mills he witnessed.

Col. Keenan, of the Old Fountain House, Little Catharine street, London, England, writes that he is looking up a champion pugilist able to cope with Sullivan. It is understood Keenan has his eye on a giant who lives on the Isle of Wight.

WORKING FOR EACH OTHER.

The Startling Drama Written by a Boston School Girl.

Some of the nice children on Commonwealth avenue, says the Boston Globe, recently proposed to surprise their parents with a dramatic performance, with the distinct understanding that no adult was to witness a rehearsal or to ask about the nature of the play written by a young miss of 10 years, who was to assume the role of heroine, assisted by a lad of the same age. On the night of the performance the parents of the children assembled in the front drawing room of one of the largest residences, and waited for the drawing aside of the potteries with commendable patience. The first scene represented the wedding of the hero and heroine, and the departure of the former for the wilds of the West, where he was to reap his fortune in raising cattle and mining. This went off finely and the portieres were closed with a loud burst of applause. A lapse of ten years was supposed to have passed between the first and second acts, and when the act commenced the young husband had returned, and his wife, not looking a day older, greeted her spouse in a formal manner and even asked him to remain and dine with her, while he consented to do. While seated at the table eating ice-cream, the husband told how he had toiled for wealth and acquired millions, all for the sake of the dear wife he had left behind. This had such an effect on the matron that she finished the ice-cream, sighed to think there was no more on the table, and then addressed her husband, speaking earnestly and firmly. "You have done well," she said, "but while you have been at work I have not been idle. You shall see what I have accomplished." She touched a bell, and a white-capped bonne entered the room leading a toddling infant a year old, and followed by nine others of various ages, one for each year of married life. The actors to this day do not understand why the play was interrupted by shouts of laughter and applause from the fathers and mothers who were present. At any rate they say the play was a success, but the parents think it a little Frenchy in construction and plot.

OUTRAGES ON WOMEN.

Increase of a Form of Crime that Lynch Law Can't Suppress.

The great increase in the number of cases of criminal assault throughout the country is attracting attention and occasioning great alarm. Although several villains have been lately hunted down and summarily lynched for deeds of this character, the bestial class does not seem to be intimidated in the least, and fresh outrages are being reported from day to day. On July 1 a brutal attempt was made at Toledo, O., to outrage a beautiful young girl named Charlotte Meister. A ruffian named James Duggan met her on a lonely street, knocked her down, and dragged her into a by-place, where he attempted his foul purpose. The girl screamed for help, when he hit her a terrible blow in the mouth, and bit her lips till they bled profusely. She continued to struggle and scream until help arrived, and just in time to save her from a fate worse than death. The scoundrel was caught in the act and locked up. Threats of lynching were freely indulged in, but the authorities held him safe.

Another man, also named Duggan, residing at Grand Forks, Minn., was arrested on July 1, at that place, on a charge of seduction preferred by Sophia Miller, a 20-year-old Norwegian girl, who is about to become a mother. Duggan is a married man, 30 years old, having a wife and children in Canada. He came to Grand Forks two years ago and has been keeping a saloon. He acknowledges having seduced the girl under promise of marriage, and also to having borrowed and spent \$100 of her money, and in default of \$500 bail he was committed to the county jail.

AN AERONAUT'S PERIL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A great crowd gathered at Bonham, Texas, June 25, to witness the Roman races and balloon ascension. After the balloon had been inflated and left the ground it was noticed that it was on fire, and when it had been raised to the height of about 5,000 feet the flames burst out on both sides. Women screamed and men turned pale as the balloon swayed to and fro and commenced splashing around. Just as it had passed over a strip of timber Prof. Montgomery dropped from his trapeze, leaving the balloon about 10 feet from the ground, and lit on his feet in the sand within a few yards of the timber. The daring aeronaut was saved by a good nerve and a cool brain.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

A Glance Over the Diamond Fields of the Continent.

Will the Athletics ever take a drop on their kicking. The Chicagoans are down in the race and down in the mouth. It takes twenty-seven glasses of beer to put "old Hayseeds" asleep.

Little Lewis, of the Providence club, had the misfortune to be spiked in a recent game.

Baseball is kind of dull in this city during the absence of their two big professional clubs.

The Bostonians are playing a strong game and are making a big fight for the pennant, with fine prospects of "catching on."

When the Columbus club knock the Metropolitans out in two straight games there need be but little fear of the championship pennant coming to New York.

Holbert, one of the best players of the Metropolitans, got caught in the eye with a sharp foul tip, which closed that peeper and shelved Billy for a few days.

The Buffalos dropped grease in a pretty lively manner at Chicago, July 3, when the Chicagoans defeated them 31 to 7, making a total of 50 base hits, with the thermometer standing in the nineties.

The Brooklyn club has received its second wind, and is now playing a rattling game. While there is but little prospect of their winning the Interstate championship, there are bright hopes of their being well up toward the head of the list.

The Philadelphia have played 20 men thus far this season, and the end is not yet; the Bostonians have played 12 men, the Providence 14, the Chicago 15, the Cleveland 13, the Detroit 13, the Buffalo 14, and the New York 15.—*Providence Star*.

Roseman, of the Mets, says that this is the first year in all his extended experience that he has been getting his money. In the other nine that he has been playing with, when the finances were low, he averaged a fine every day.—*Cincinnati News Journal*.

Holy smoke! The management of the Allegheny club, of Pittsburgh, have thus far exceeded \$500 in their fines of the players up to date. At this rate the players will be heavily in debt to the club, independent of having played for nothing during the entire season.

The Harvardians are not nearly so strong this year as they have been in days of yore, and to the great surprise of the various collegians they have been knocked out in five consecutive games with the Yales, a feat never before accomplished in a series between these clubs.

The kick and hubbub made by the Columbus papers to prevent Sunday games of baseball from being played in that city availed nothing, as the city council have repealed the ordinance prohibiting Sunday playing, and scheduled games will in future be played in Columbus.

We have been trying all season to find out who manages the Eclipse club, of Louisville, big, fat, good-natured Hank, or the baseball man of the *Courier-Journal*. We know the former has the money, but judging from all accounts the latter undoubtedly has all the chin.

The Nameless club of Brooklyn showed their good common sense by keeping out of the Long Island amateur championship race. They knew that they had not the shadow of a chance to carry off the honors, so they left well enough alone and rested on their laurels of last year.

This Providence people grieved over their crack club being obliged to forfeit a game in Philadelphia in order to reach New York July 4, in the afternoon. They must not mind a little thing like that, however, as the New Yorks virtually gave them two games to counterbalance the loss.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "The uniforms of the Allegheny and St. Louis clubs are nearly identical. It took more than a casual glance, when the two clubs played together last week, to decide 'which was which.' The St. Louis suits must be filthy dirty, and it is a wonder they don't wash them."

A man kick by the Shamrocks occurred July 2, when President Stern deducted 25 cents apiece from their salaries to pay for washing their uniforms. They said: "They don't object to him doing their washing, but do object to the price, which was 10 cents in advance of the scale asked at the Chinese laundries."

John Daily, of the old Manchester (N. H.) club, which figured so extensively in the days of the old International association, was umpiring a game a few days since on the Brooklyn baseball grounds, when a sharp foul tip struck him on the jaw, breaking it in two places and putting him on a diet of soup for about five weeks.

Tex people throughout the country scoff at Al. Reach's efforts to have the reserve men rule broken; but such a thing is not impossible, as the majority of clubs throughout the country are so anxious to strengthen their teams as is Mr. Reach, and as the majority rules there are fine prospects of Mr. Reach accomplishing his object.

The St. Louis club foolishly suspended McGinness for a week on account of the three defeats they sustained at the hands of the Athletic club. McGinness was no more to blame than any of the rest of the players. Why not, then, suspend the whole club or, in other words, stop playing ball for a week, because they happened to lose three games.

Tex Clevelandans have, no doubt, secured a very valuable man in Sawyer, of the Adelbert club. They keep him on hand to drive the flies away from the ice water and chase the foul balls knocked over the fence. He is a pitcher, but he is not to be given a show until Daily and McCormick are both knocked out, which is hardly likely to occur during the entire season.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "The Metropolitans, taken as a whole, are the finest looking and most gentlemanly ball players that have visited Cincinnati this season. They have made a great many friends in the Queen City during their visit." The Boston papers paid the New York nine a similar compliment, so we think our boys are not so bad after all.

Some of the Western papers think that Furlong is the best one of the league umpires. This may possibly be true, considering the stuff he is compared with, but if the Western papers were in search of a real good umpire they could not be accommodated if they ran the entire league staff of umpires through a furnace and tried to mould one good one out of the lot.

"Adam was the first man," a Syracuse Sunday school teacher explained. "Solomon was the wise man, and Cane, who killed his brother, was the first base man." Then the boy who had a ball in his hip pocket and a bat tucked under the church steps asked: "Say, what nine did he play with, and if he could kill men, why didn't they have him pitch?"—*Syracuse Herald*.

If we are judges of literature, there must be some irony indulged in by the members of the Western press. The following is taken from the St. Louis *Republic*: "As a number of papers have been predicting that the 'St. Louis hoodlums' would mob the Athletics on their visit here, it will be in order for them to allude to the omission of that amusement. Cincinnati papers please notice."

For a long time this summer the Cincinnati people made a dead set on McCormick and clamored for his release. He fought down public prejudice, however, July 3, when the Cincinnati beat the Metropolitans 12 to 1. McCormick's pitching on that occasion was simply wonderful. The heavy batter on the Metropolitans were unable to touch him, and he was ably supported by the fielders, who played almost a perfect game.

The Boston *Morning Journal* has a pleasant way of stating the changes necessary to be made in the Boston team in order to make them win the pennant, and after dwelling extensively on the subject, to wind up by saying: "However, that's no one's business but Capt. Burdock's," and the captain is just shrewd enough to carry out the order of business, and thus prove himself a wonderful man in the opinion of the *Journal*.

To the great astonishment of the baseball admirers throughout the country the management of the Cincinnati club allowed a spectator to be removed from the grand stand by a very fresh policeman for too vigorously applauding one of the plays. This is an unheard of thing in baseball circles, and it looks as if all they cared for was the man's money, irrespective of his rights. I've thought our New York policemen pretty fly, but none of them have ventured as far as this.

The Philadelphia had to kidnap Arthur Hagan in order to get him away from Webster. It was real romantic. Manager Ferguson, who had been reading up in story papers of the grand old

elopements in the happy days of yore, thought he would make his runaway match as exciting as any of them, so he had three changes of horses in his desperate drive from Webster to Providence. It was undoubtedly an exciting chase, that is, it would have been had any one follow 'em.

Quite a little fracas occurred at Cincinnati which, at one time, had the appearance of resulting in a very disastrous manner. A policeman who had charge of the outer gate clubbed some of the boys for cutting holes in the fence, which led to the entire crowd turning on him and stoning him. He drew his revolver and fired into the air to frighten the crowd, but it only enraged them more, and, but for the timely arrival of a squad of other officers, he would most likely have been seriously injured.

The Chicagoans gave their man Sunday a trial on Wednesday; of course it not being his day he could not play ball. He went three times to the bat, struck out each time and did not have an opportunity of showing his skill in the field. Anson had intended putting their men Monday and Tuesday in the next day, but the poor success of their Sunday player out the other two out of a job. Robinson Crusoe found Friday a very good man, but Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday have not yet been heard of, but they are doubtless good men.

Mr. Le Moyne has been elected captain of the Harvard nine for next season. He has been two years in the University nine, last season as third baseman and this year as left-fielder, excelling in both positions. If his ability in the new position to which he has been chosen will be at all commensurate with his past record, he will prove a desirable choice. What Harvard has long lacked is a captain—some one who can infuse that spirit for work and harmony that will bring victory. We hope Mr. Le Moyne will be that mascot.—*Boston Daily Globe*.

Mr. James P. Butler, a painter, working in Columbus, recently received a check for \$2,800. Mr. Butler, ten years ago, was a member of the Oriental baseball club, of Greenpoint, N. Y., which was composed of young men, who created a sinking fund by weekly contributions. It was provided that the fund should be controlled by some one other than an active player, and should in the end go either to the children of the deceased members or to the last survivor of the club. Mr. Butler is the only survivor, and is therefore entitled to the money.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

There are some pretty fresh youths in the baseball arena, but about the worst specimen of "Johnny Fresh" is Arundel, of the East Saginaws, who is always looking for scrap. He sometimes so far forgets himself as to square off to strike ball players on the field in the presence of the spectators during the progress of the game. He has been very successful thus far, but it is only because he has not run across the right man. He will make a grand mistake some of these days in his haste to throw up his fists, and he will be apt to lose considerable claret, as there are plenty of men in the baseball arena who can make a mess of him.

Yesterday's game was the longest and most exciting seen here this season. It was a battle of pitchers for which the home team entered its left-hander, the very promising Shaw, and the Blues produced a left-hander also, one Cushman, a gentleman of the "grasshopper Jim" style of architecture. He is a puzzle. He sends in a rather indolent ball by a not at all tortuous route, that looks as if it could be fastened by a tyro. But it cannot. The Detroit batters utterly failed to find it even when they struck at it, but in general they let it go by unheeded, and looked surprised when the umpire called strikes.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The New York Hospital ninetee for the West Sunday evening, July 8, in ambulances. They brought up in Buffalo on the 10th, where the invalids played ball with the Buffalos for four days, in order to give themselves a little exercise, and the Buffalos a chance to roll up their record. Thence they journeyed to Cleveland to do likewise, after which they visited Detroit and Chicago, and they expect to return East about the 5th of August, minus some sixteen to eighteen games, and stopping in Philadelphia, drop three more, and return to New York on the 11th, where crippled when they were before, five of their best men being laid up by that time.

Some of the papers are howling about the numerous accidents that occurred on the Fourth of July in the League championship games. Hankinson sprained his thumb in New York, Hogan was taken sick in Philadelphia, Goldsmith had a finger nail torn off by a hot liner, Flint was disabled in Chicago, and Richardson sprained an ankle in Detroit. But what is this compared with the New York ambulance team. Clapp is laid up with a split hand, Ewing with a split finger, Hankinson with a split thumb, Gillespie with a split nose, and Dorgan from the effects of a sunstroke. Of the posse which remains O'Neill has to be moved about the field from place to place with a derrier. Orr has too much oar and no wind with him to tack. Pierce is stationary, unless the ball drops into his hands it is a clear home run. The infield is all right, Ward playing the third bag as well as Hankinson ever knew how to play it. Welsh is left alone to do all the pitching, as O'Neill will hardly have the cheek to fill that position since the pouncing the Providence club gave him July 5, when they beat the Metropolitans 18 to 1. This leaves Humphreys to do all the catching, and he is so much out of practice that at present he amounts to little or nothing, although he is the making of one of the finest catchers in the country. Still this is the club that is going to win the championship.

GEORGE MILLER, the catcher of the Shamrocks, has evidently been reading ancient history, so he thought he would be very "big" and try on some of the tricks of old. It would have worked first rate had it not been that in these modern days of our American history such dirty tricks are guarded against. He thought by going to President Stern, of the Cincinnati club, and telling him that his wife did not wish him to play ball any more, was sufficient excuse to release him from the Shamrock club, so without giving the matter any further attention, he packed his valise and journeyed to Lexington, Ky., where he supposed he was safely anchored for the balance of the season. It did not take him long to discover, however, that there is more than one way of killing a pig. As soon as President Stern found out what steps he had taken, he expelled him from the club, and immediately wired Secretary Williams to that effect, who in turn wired the fact to all the clubs of the League, American Association, Inter-State Association and American Alliance, stating that Miller had been expelled, and warning all these clubs from playing with the Lexingtons. This leaves nothing but a few western amateur clubs to play games with the Lexingtons, and all those who do play games with them are debarred from playing with any of the association clubs, consequently the Lexingtons are nothing more than a dead cock in the pit, until after they drop Miller's head in the basket.

With the invaluable assistance of the umpire the Cleveland baseball club yesterday defeated the White Stockings by a score of 3 to 2. The word "invaluable" is used advisedly. It was patent to every observer before the game failed. The weather was warm and a breeze came from the south favoring the batsman.

Gov. Hamilton stole away from the interviewers, and with Senator Campbell, Sheriff Hancock and some other dignitaries, occupied a private box with Manager Spalding, who explained the fine points of the game to him. There were about 1,000 people in the audience. The umpire, who made himself notable by his unfairness and drew upon himself the blame of the crowd, was Burnham. Not only was his rulings unfair and always in favor of the Cleveland, but so judiciously were they bunched that they effectually prevented the home name from scoring when most necessary. He demonstrated himself an expert umpire, and his play was faultless, even to a clever bit of acting where he sought to appease the enraged audience by playing the baby act. "No man is infallible," he whined, shortly after being hissed; "a man is liable to make mistakes." This was received by the crowd in a very passive manner. There was one man who loudly supported him. It was Joseph Chesterfield Macklin, arrayed in all the glory of faultless summer raiment. "He knows what he's about, me b'ye. He's a good 'un, me b'ye, but a weakener. That's a mistake; dead wrong, you know. Nobody ever knew me to acknowledge when I made a mistake, me b'ye." Governor Hamilton was very much shocked. In all his association with the statesmen of Springfield he had never seen anything so much blazed as that umpire. He told Al. Spalding, in confidence, that if Burnham ever got into the Joliet "pen" he would never, never pardon him out. Manager Spalding told the Governor, in confidence, that it was the worst umpiring he had ever seen. And then they both looked highly pleased at each finding that the other's judgment was so good. Senator Campbell and Sheriff Hancock were audibly of the opinion that something ought to be done to the umpire. "Just let me diet him for a week, and I'll take some of the cussedness out of him," remarked the sheriff, vigorously. The only people in the audience who seemed to have any sympathy for Burnham under the storm of blows he received at some of his outrageous decisions were people who had evidently bought Cleveland in the pools. "Now, look a here," exclaimed one of his few defenders, "I don't say his rulings were right, but I think his intentions are good."—*Chicago Herald*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE LIVE MEN'S JOURNAL.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS. The most daring, dashing, witty, spicy and amusing pictorial paper ever published. Out every Sunday. Price 5 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

J. S., Windsor, C. W.—No. A READER, Nanticoke.—Yes. J. B. W., Rochester, N. Y.—No. S. D. A., Milwaukee.—The United States. S. O. K., Portsmouth, Va.—I. No. 2. No. J. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.—It would cost \$1 per line to insert your notice.

CONSTANT READER, Boston, Mass.—We cannot furnish you with a medal. ONE OF THEM, Philadelphia.—The Harvest Social Club would be suitable.

H. E. R., Virginia City.—Send on the portrait and record, we will publish it. F. J. C., Scottsburg, Ind.—Write to the Central Park, N. Y. Commissioners.

E. K., Gloucester, Mass.—We will publish the picture when opportunity offers. W. P., Cairo, Ill.—Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion pugilist, died Feb. 18, 1880.

J. M., Oshkosh, Wis.—Shooting with the wrong ball was foul, and did not count. D. B., Baltimore, Md.—Write to the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C.

ROCKY, Denver, Col.—The medal has not yet been won by any pugilist. J. G., Allegheny, Pa.—Send on a forfeit and we will give publicity to your challenge.

H. L. DeVos, Denver, Iowa.—Send on a forfeit if you desire your challenge inserted. N. B., Harlem, N. Y.—Matthew Moore never fought a prize fight with any one but George Cooke.

PEDESTRIAN, Dover, N. J.—The American Mabelle is not half a mile from the Bowery, and W. Jones. H. G., Rochester, N. Y.—The pugilistic benevolent association in England was founded September, 1862.

P. J. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Heenan and Sayers fought once only at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1860. M. K., City Island, N. Y.—In a race with Ethan Allen and running mate, at the Fashion race course, Long Island.

J. S., Indianapolis.—Messrs. Hickok and Morrow own St. Julian. 2. About a year ago they wanted \$40,000 for him.

SUSCRIPTION, Sharon, Pa.—A letter addressed to Fatsy Sheppard, 71 Harrison avenue, Boston, will find him. J. M., Jacksonville, Fla.—Heenan only fought three times, his antagonists being John Morrissey, Tom Sayers, and Tom King.

F. A. S., Erie, Pa.—1. No. 2. Hanlan was credited with beating Courtney's record for three miles, but the course was short. J. W. A., Lowell, Mass.—Write to M. A. Dauphin, Louisiana State Lottery Co., New Orleans, La., and you will get all information.

R. G., Toronto, Canada.—L. E. Myers has never run 100 yards faster than ten seconds in public. 2. No. Seward's time is the best.

G. W., Newcastle, Del.—Napoleon III. was elected Emperor of France when the empire was revived, Nov. 22, 1852. He was deposed on Sept. 4, 1870.

J. H. C., Shingle House, Pa.—When P. T. Barnum decides to die we will inform you of the date. At present we cannot do so, for P. T. Barnum is living.

J. W. L., Baltimore, Md.—The fastest time on record for one mile heel-and-toe walking is 6m 23s, made by Wm. Perkins, at London, Eng., June 1, 1874.

SCRIPPO, Lockport, N. Y.—The distance of the French Derby course at Chantilly is one mile four furlongs. 2. Cremorne was the winner in 1873. 3. No. Frontin.

H. M., Indianapolis, Ind.—1. Hanlan defeated Wallace Ross in two match races, prior to the Seckon Regatta, at which Ross beat Hanlan. 2. No. 3. At Toronto.

J. C. HENNESSY, Bozeman, Montana.—John Woods, 208 Bowery, New York, has Yankee Sullivan's pictures for sale. Thanks for your kind offer, let us hear from you again.

S. W., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. There will be a race for the POLICE GAZETTE Diamond belt this fall either in this city or at Boston. 2. Weston is lecturing on temperance in England.

J. W., Pottsville, Pa.—Joe Coburn was sentenced to State prison on March 8, 1877. 2. The sentence was ten years. 3. A reduction of the term of imprisonment is made for good behavior.

M. H., Troy, N. Y.—Charles Mitchell is on his way to San Francisco, Cal., with Billy Madden. Fatsy Hogan, "Police Gazette" Shades, No. 1 Morton street, will be their headquarters.

D. M., City.—After Mass defeated Tom Allen, in conjunction with Heenan, he retired from the ring and publicly announced that fact. 2. He never issued such a challenge officially.

M. S., Port Hope, Canada.—Wm. B. Curtis, of New York, with harness, has lifted 3,300 pounds, Ambrose Butts, of Auburn, N. Y., 2,737½ pounds, and John J. Lucas, of Belleville, Ill., 2,700 pounds.

B. B., Newark, N. J.—Blucher was the famous Prussian general who, at the battle of Waterloo, on June 18, 1815, arrived just in time to save the Duke of Wellington's forces from defeat by Bonaparte.

J. P. T., Newark, N. J.—Send to this office for the "Life of Edward Hanlan," price, 30c. Hanlan was beaten in regatta at Boston, in the international regatta at Providence, R. I., but never in a match race.

T. R., Dubois, Pa.—If you want a first class trainer to prepare your man for a mill, we would advise you to correspond with Bob Smith, care of POLICE GAZETTE office. He is a first class trainer, and thoroughly posted.

M. S., Woodstock, Canada.—Vanderbilt paid \$21,000 for Maud S. Robert Bonner paid \$50,000 for Rarus, and \$38,000, it is said, for Dexter. Richard K. Fox paid \$10,000 for Emma B., record 2:22, now known as "Police Gazette."

W. S., Fort Laramie.—Joe Coburn was born in 1835. His battle with Ned Price was fought at Spy Pond, Boston, May 1, 1864. The pugilists responded to the call of time 163 times in 3h 30m, when darkness put an end to the battle.

D. M., St. Louis, Mo.—Tom Cannon, Wm. Muldoon and Donald Dinnie are not wrestling matches on the Pacific slope for money. The matches are all fixed before hand, and it is known who will win before the doors are opened.

J. W. W., East Pierre, D. T.—Sullivan and Ryan fought for \$5,000 and an outside bet of \$1,000. The \$1,000 was bet when both men were in the ring. 2. Send for the "History of the American Prize Ring," it will give you all particulars.

M. W., Jackson, Miss.—Joe Wormald arrived in New York from England in December, 1867. 2. Jim Mace was matched to fight Wormald in England, and received £130 forfeit owing to Wormald straining the muscles of his arm and being unable to conclude training.

G. S., West Framingham, Mass.—Weston did beat Wm. Perkins, the English champion, when he first visited England. 2. On Feb. 8 and 9, 1878, they walked a 24-hour race. Perkins stopped, beaten, after covering 55 miles. Weston covered 100 miles in the 24 hours.

D. M., Pottsville, Pa.—Daniel McFarlane shot and killed Albert D. Richardson at the Tribune office in New York city at 4:45 P. M. on Nov. 24, 1880. 2. Richardson did marry Abbey Sage McFarlane five days after the shooting, Nov. 30. 3. No; McFarlane was acquitted.

MATTHEO, St. Louis.—1. James Wooden and William Walker fought at Pennville, N. J., on August 31, 1876. Seventy-six rounds were fought in 1h 59m, and Walker died from exposure. 2. Wooden was sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and he died in Trenton (N. J.) prison.

M. S., Boston, Mass.—James Riley defeated George W. Weisgerber, of Wheeling, Va., rowing three miles for \$1,000, at Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1860. 2. Weisgerber's best time for three

miles is 20m 56½s, made at Wheeling, W. Va., in a race with Louis Felsing, Sept. 27, 1879.

W. M. H., Port Dover, Canada.—Michael Phelan came to America from Ireland in 1824. The great 2,000 point billiard match for \$5,000 and the championship between Phelan and John Sevier was played at Fireman's hall, Detroit, Mich., April 12, 1859, won by Phelan—96 points.

W. G., Charleston, S. C.—Peter Crawley and Jem Ward fought for £200 and the championship of England at Royston Heath, Cambridgeshire, England, Jan. 2, 1827. 2. Crawley won in 11 rounds, lasting 26m. 3. Ward challenged Crawley to fight again for £1,000 and the title, but he refused.

G. W. C., Wellsville, Mo.—There is no record for a quarter of a mile. Ollips ran a half mile in 47½s, at Saratoga, N. Y., July 25, 1874. Barrett ran three-quarters of a mile in 1m 14s, at Monmouth Park, N. J., Aug. 14, 1880. Ten Brock ran a mile in 1m 39½s, at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877.

W. S., Baltimore, Md.—Joshua Ward was born May 11, 1838. On June 30, 1863, Joe West and Dick Collins fought near London, England. The latter never left his bed after the mill, and died. West was tried for manslaughter at London, July 15, 1863, and the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

S. H. B., Bordentown, N. J.—Jem Ward fought Tom Cannon for £1,000 on July 19, 1825, on Shank's estate, near Warwick, Eng. Betting was 60 to 40 on Cannon. The fight lasted through ten rounds, when Ward fought him to a standstill and knocked him out of time. The fight lasted ten minutes.

H. M., Leadville, Col.—1. Deaf Burke killed Simon Byrne, at Norman's Land, England, on May 30, 1833, after a severe contest of 99 rounds, lasting 3h 6m. 2. Burke was tried for homicide and was acquitted. 3. Yes; three years previous Byrne killed Alexander McKay, and Byrne fought at Seeley Forest, Northamptonshire, June 2, 1830.

S. W., Easton, Pa.—1. No. 2. Hanlan. 3. After Harry Pearce, the "game chicken," had relinquished his claim to the championship of England, in 1807, he travelled through England giving boxing lessons. On April 30, 1800, he died of consumption, aged 32 years. John Gully, who had twice fought Bill Gregson and defeated him, was booked as the champion.

C. L. M., Youngstown, Ohio.—1. The fastest professional running time for 440 yards is 48½s, made by R. Buttery, Newcastle, England, Oct. 4, 1873. 2. The fastest half-mile running time is 1m 53½s, made by Frank Hewitt, at Littleton, New Zealand, Sept. 21, 1871. 3. If you or any one else post a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE a challenge will be published.

M. H., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. Hanlan has successfully studied the art on a long slide, and as is usual with a really scientific performer in any branch of sport, does his work with consummate ease. 2. Hanlan rows a long stroke, moves a lot of water, makes his boat travel fast and gets forward without checking the boat's headway. It is his style and the manner in which he propels his shell which makes him invincible.

S. H., Port Chester, N. Y.—1. The "time" in the race made between the Thames crew and the Hildales was 20m 40s. 2. The distance was 4 miles 440 yards. 3. The Tyne crew in 1869, over the shorter course, 4 miles 300 yards, could do no better than 20m 43s. The Oxford four beat the Harvard four in 1869, in 22m 41s, and in 1873 the London four beat the Atlanta four on the edd from Mortlake to Putney, 21m.

S. G., Leavenworth, Kan.—Peter Corcoran, the ex-champion of England in 1871, was a native of Ireland. He stood 5 ft 11 in in height, and weighed 190 lbs. His last battle was with Harry Sellers. Corcoran punished him terribly for 13 rounds, and then at the end of the 23d round, when he had the battle won, he allowed Sellers to become the champion of England by refusing to fight any longer. After selling the fight Corcoran sunk to beryery.

M. J., Bridgeport, Conn.—The fastest time on record over the Tyne, England, championship course, is 20m 49s, accomplished by William Patterson, of Gateshead, in 1854. Hanlan, in his match with Elliott June 16, 1879, made the following time: From the Mansion House to Redhough Bridge, 2m 35s; to Cooper's Stairs, 4m 5s; to Waterson's Gates, 6m 11½s; to Armstrong's Shearlegs, 8m 40s; to the head of the Meadows, 13m 48s; to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, 21m 1s. Boyd in his match with Elliott Feb. 9, 1880, made the following time: From the Mansion House to Redhough Bridge, 2m 41s; to Cooper's Stairs, 4m 11s; to Waterson's Gates, 6m 9s; to Armstrong's Shearlegs, 9m 22s; to the head of the Meadows, 14m 30s; to Scotswood Suspension Bridge, 22m 47s.

M. D., Lowell, Mass.—1. We have not a record of all Joseph H. Sadler's minor races. 2. He was the first oarsman to hold the title of champion oarsman of the world. He won it at Halifax, N. S., on Sept. 1, 1871. Sadler came to this country as a member of the Renforth-Percy crew, and it was in his arms that Renforth, then the champion of England, fell back in an expiring condition in the memorable four-oared match race against the Paris crew, of St. John. In the Halifax race Sadler beat George Brown, of Halifax; Harry Kelley, of London; Robert Bagnall, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; Henry Coulter, of Allegheny, Pa., and George Lovitt, of Halifax. At Saratoga Lake, on September 12, in the same year, Sadler beat Kelley, John Biglin, of New York; Ellis Ward, of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson; John Bright, of Newcastle, and Bagnall. Sadler, when he returned to England, could get no one to row him, and, according to the rules, could not be champion of England unless he rowed for and won the title. At last Bagnall rowed him a race on April 16, 1874, which Sadler won, and on November 15, 1875, Sadler beat Boyd. In the summer of 1876 Edward Trickett, of Australia, challenged and rowed Sadler for the championship of the world, and the race was rowed over the Thames course, Trickett winning easily.

D. M., Leadville, Col.—1. Jemmy Massey, the famous English pugilist, arrived in this country on March 4, 1859. He was born at Manchester, England, in 1824, stood 5 ft 3 in in height, and fought at 116 lbs. Massey began his career by fighting Cronshaw for 25 a side, and beating him in 30 rounds and 35m. on the 25th December, 1843, at Bagely Moor, Cheshire. In July, 1843, he beat O'Brien, a powerful and experienced pugilist, for 25 a side, near Manchester, in 72 rounds and 88m. Aug. 23 he beat Sheppard, another experienced pugilist, in an off-hand match, in eight rounds and 18m. Oct. 3 he fought Martin, a 127lb man, for 24 a side, at Dore Moor; 26 rounds (no time taken), ended in a wrangle and a draw. On the 7th May, 1844, he beat Sam Brown, the Burster, for 25 a side, at Ashton, near Manchester, in 102 obstinate rounds and 128m. Aug. 6 he beat Bill (Young Snacks) Mills, for 25 a side, at Ferry Moor, near Cudworth, in 72 rounds and 90m. May 30, 1846, he beat Patsy Clay, for 25 a side, on the Sheffield Road, near Manchester, in 71 rounds and 76m. Feb. 11, 1846, he beat Figger, of Leeds (weighing 16 lbs more than Massey), for 25 a side, at Cudworth (between Sheffield and Leeds), in 84 rounds, lasting 210m. On the 16th June, Massey beat Enoch Horridge (a first class pugilist in the North), for 25 a side, at Woodhead, in 10 rounds and 18m. In October, he met Ned in the London District, and after an admirable fight, Massey lost the honors by an accidentally foul blow. On the 19th January, 1847, Massey beat Jemmy Welsh at Long Reach, in 65 rounds and 135m, for £200. On the 13th April he beat Young Norley for £100 a side, at Greenhithe, in 66 rounds and 105m. Jem Edwards, of Cheltenham, a very smart 117-lb man, who never was beaten, was next matched to fight Massey, and on the 26th April, 1848, Massey was beaten by Edwards, for £100 a side, on the Balesham Road, near Newmarket, but not until 52 rounds, lasting 194m. Jerry Noon was next brought out. November 19, 1850, Jemmy and Noon fought, for £100 a side; but after 88

Charley Mitchell.

Charley Mitchell, the pugilist, made hosts of friends in Colorado, and we have received several letters from sporting men in that vicinity in which the writers speak in the highest terms of Mitchell and Madden. A pugilist can be a gentleman in his way and manners, and it pays. Mitchell is pleasant and courteous to every one he comes in contact with, and this sensible action gained him the well wishes of the legion of sporting men who patronize ring matters in Colorado. Mitchell is to invade the Pacific Slope, and there is not the least doubt but that he will capture the sports of that locality in just the same way as Paddy Ryan won the good wishes and friendship of the New Orleans sporting men in the winter of 1882, when he visited Louisiana to fight John L. Sullivan. On Mitchell's arrival in San Francisco he will make Patsy Hogan's sporting house (the "Police Gazette" Shades) his headquarters.

The English champion will put on a big front when he reaches 'Frisco, according to a letter we just received. He intends to box any man on the Slope, and give any pugilist a big golden consideration that will stand up and box him four three-minute rounds. This knock-out business (which, by the way, first originated with Billy Madden when he was John L. Sullivan's right bower) has never been introduced in the Golden State, and it will create a sensation if there are any pugilists who will agree to face Mitchell. It is to be hoped that Mitchell will not leave 'Frisco without putting on the gloves with Robinson, the champion of the Olympic athletic club, who on Slade's arrival set-to with him and proved that the New Zealander was a dummy. If Mitchell boxes Robinson the latter will be able to judge who is the cleverest, Jim Mace's infant or Mitchell, and there is not the least doubt that if the champion of the famous Olympic club and Mitchell do meet that there will be no let up, but both will go for the horns and hide also.

Slade claimed that Robinson refused to set-to with him unless he played light, but that as

soon as he met Robinson on the stage he tried to best him. There is not the least doubt but the arrival of Madden and Mitchell on the "Slope" will give prize ring matters a boom, and

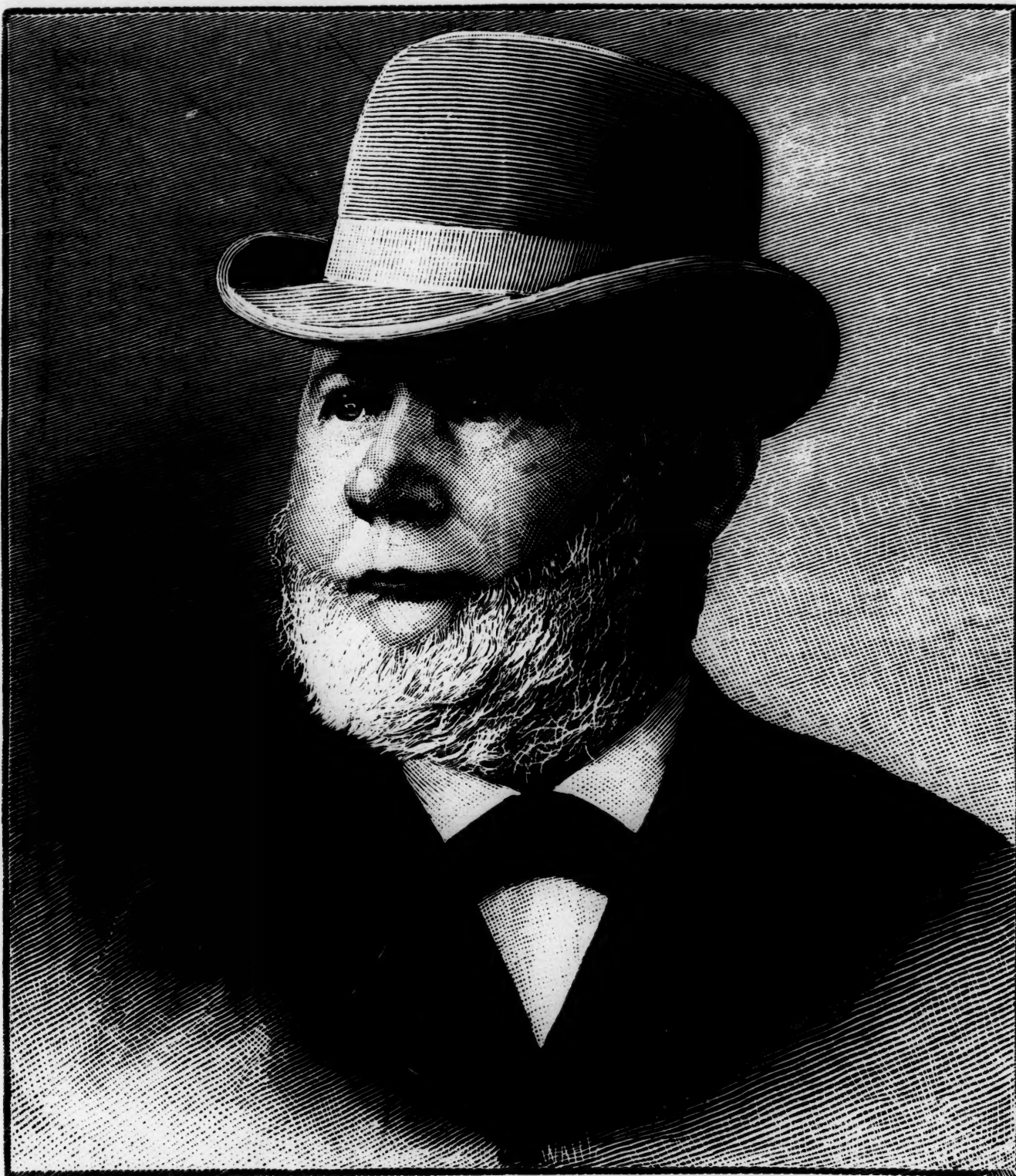
we suppose San Francisco will furnish a mill every day.

We present an excellent portrait of the English champion in citizen's dress.

America. His house—Clark's "Police Gazette" Sporting Shades, opposite the Court House, in Fulton street, Brooklyn, is the nightly rendezvous of the best class of sporting men

Prof. Wm. Clark.

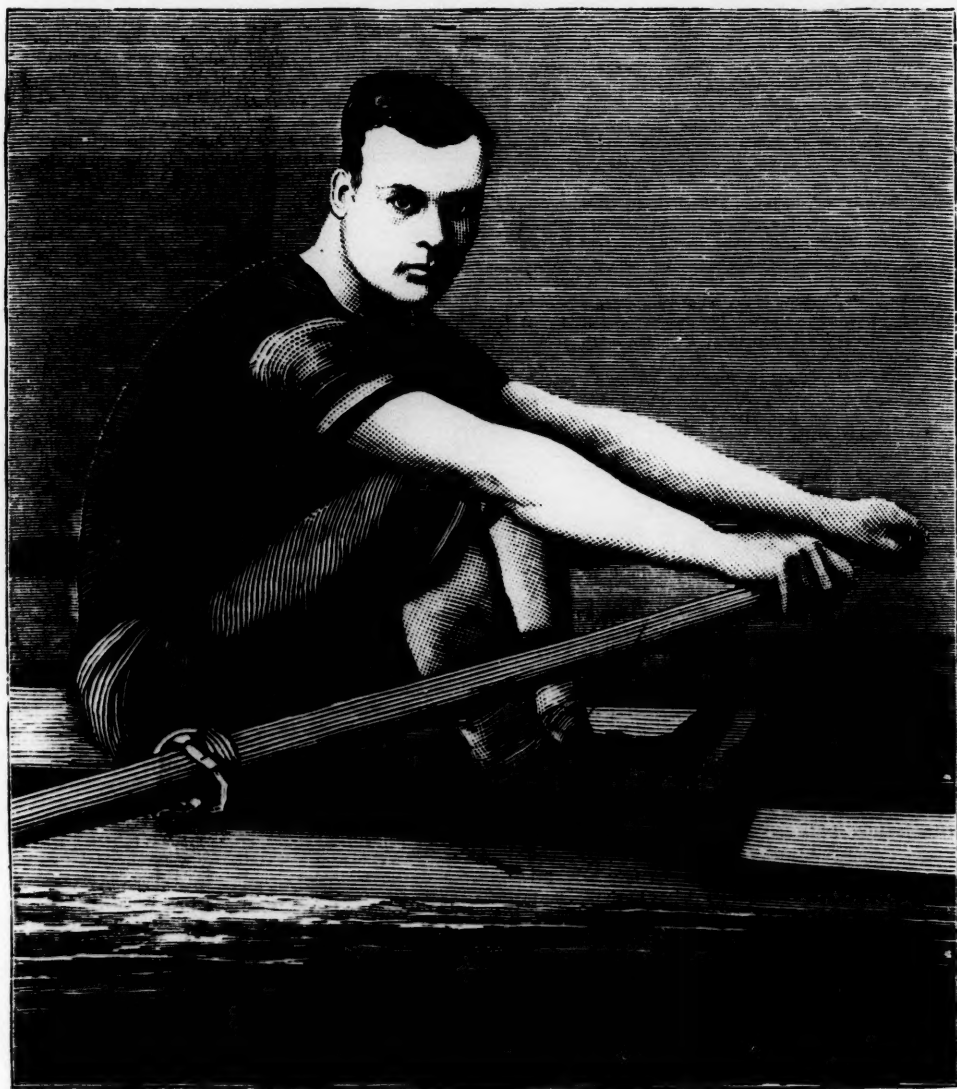
We present this week a life-like portrait of Prof. William Clark, whose genial countenance is well known in New York and Brooklyn, and is a pleasant remembrance in other parts of the country. He don't often put up his mawleys now, but he frequently puts up for the boys, and is recognized by all sporting men as one of the good old daddies, having about him that squareness and honesty that should always distinguish the pugilist from the parson. He was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1828. Clark sparred with Jack McGrath's "Punch" and downed him. Young Congo had beaten Hannigan after a desperate battle, which lasted 4h 45m, during which, 180 rounds had been fought and when Clark agreed to meet Congo, the talent supposed that the Belfast Chicken would be whipped by the plucky colored pugilist. The battle between Clark and young Congo was fought with gloves, and the former won easily. He sparred with the famous Billy Jordan at the Glasgow fair, just after Bob McLaren and Jim McMullin fought. Jordan had challenged McMullin, who refused to fight him; consequently there was a rush to see the Belfast Chicken and Jordan box. In 1852 he boxed with Bill Hayes and Ned Donnelly, and went on a tour of the towns of England, Ireland and Scotland. He came to this country and trained Jim (Australian) Kelly to fight Ed Price. He was then matched to fight Joe Coburn with blackened gloves, the most hits in one hour to win. Coburn won by one clean hit. Clark then went to San Francisco, and was the man that first brought Tommy Chandler out. At the American theatre in 1861 he sparred with Heenan, Mace, Morrissey, Bill Hastings, Johnny Dwyer, Cockey Woods and Dan Kerrigan. With Jim Mace he made a most scientific set-to at the Bowery theatre. He kept the Gem and afterwards the Arbor, in Houston street, New York. He is one of the most scientific sparrers in



PROF. WM. CLARK,

THE WELL KNOWN SPARRER AND FULVAR BROOKLYN BONIFACE.

[Photo. by POLICE GAZETTE photographer, John Wood.]



WALLACE ROSS,

THE FAMOUS OARSMAN OF ST. JOHNS, N. B.

[Photo. by John Wood, POLICE GAZETTE Photographer.]



CHARLEY MITCHELL

THE LUCKY YOUNG ENGLISH PUGILIST.

He Iced Himself.

A driver of a Knickerbocker cart found what he supposed to be a corpse in his wagon the other day, but it proved to be a member of the Fat Men's club who had gotten in to enjoy a cool ride. The fat man apologized and took the drinks, and the driver now wishes he would ride with him every day, Sundays included.

N. S. Wood.

This young actor is widely and favorably known in a line of parts in which he certainly has no equal on our stage. He runs to the sensational in his dramatic tastes, but it is the sort of sensation the public like, and he gives it to them warmed up to their taste. Nobody ever goes to sleep while Mr. Wood is acting, which is more than can be said for Joseph Jefferson or Edwin Booth.

Look Out for Him.

Mr. R. M. Porter, the vigilant detective of Nashville, Tenn., is hunting for a sharper, and he will give \$100 to any one who helps him to secure the missing culprit. In a communication to the POLICE GAZETTE Mr. Porter says:

"On July 3, 1893, a man calling himself 'Dunbar Hunt' presented a draft for \$5,000 at one of the banks in this city, and got the same cashed. It was afterwards ascertained that he was not the party to whom the draft was made payable, although the draft is thought to be genuine. The officers of the bank subsequently found 'Hunt' at his hotel, and he gave back the package and was released. Upon counting the money the package was found to be several hundred dollars short. In the meantime 'Hunt' had left the city. He is now believed to be Harper S. Hunt, of Vicksburg, Miss.

"His description is as follows: 30 years old; about 5 feet 10 inches high; 140 pounds weight; slender build, black hair, dark mustache and thin side whiskers, complexion dark, coarse voice.

"When last seen wore a dark frock coat, blue cotton vest, dark pants, new shoes, straw hat (black and white mixed and considerably worn). Probably has changed clothes by this time. He has attended school at Oxford, Mississippi, and has travelled considerably. He claims to have lived in several Southern states. He is a heavy drinker and will likely give himself away by his talk. He is evidently not a professional swindler. Look for him at first class hotels and saloons. The above reward will be paid for his arrest and detention until I can reach him with proper papers. If found, arrest under charge of obtaining money under false pretences, search carefully, and telegraph me at Nashville, Tenn."

Life's Romance Ended.

On July 10 the corpse of a pauper was buried at Halifax, N. S., without a single follower, the event closing a melancholy history. Sophronia Shearin was one of twelve children of a well-to-do planter in Littleton, N. C., a few miles from the Roanoke river. Less than two years ago she was on a visit to a married sister in Providence, R. I., when she met at a picnic an apparent gentleman, named Benjamin Knott, from Fall River, with whom she became infatuated, and after a brief intimacy went to him to become his wife. She said they were duly married but this Knott has to his acquaintances denied. Knott was a carding master in a Fall River cotton mill at that time, and though only earning mechanic's wages, was, apart from his work, a gentleman at large, being of prepossessing appearance, evidently acquainted with the ways of society and possessed of considerable talent. About a year ago the pair came down to Windsor, N. S., where a new cotton mill was just being started, and there Knott obtained work. He held his position for several months, during which time his supposed wife was confined. The child was still-born. This spring they went to Halifax, and Knott fell into dissolute habits, frequenting barrooms and neglecting his wife scandalously. Several times he was discharged, but being smart was reinstated. Then he was finally discharged, and went from bad to worse. He left on the morning of June 30, it is said, for Philadelphia, where his father, John Knott, holds a prominent position in a mill. His wife was left in very delicate health and in a very destitute condition, lodging with a poor widow. Knott had also been ill-treating her lately, and she was in very low spirits. On Monday night, July 2, she was again delivered of a still-born child under charitable medical attendance, but she had been so ill and half-starved that she did not rally, and died. Knott, it has since

**IT WASN'T A CORPSE.**

BUT ONLY A MEMBER OF THE FAT MEN'S CLUB TRYING TO DISCOUNT THE THERMOMETER.



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

N. S. WOOD,

THE TALENTED YOUNG ACTOR.

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

been discovered, has a wife and one son living in Oldham, Eng., where he belongs.

On the War Path.

About noon on July 7 a man entered the office of the Morgan House at Des Moines, Ia., and registered as Henry Seager, from Swains, N. Y., having just alighted from the Rock Island train going west. He paid for his room and went there. A little after 4 o'clock a boarder heard several yells of murder from the stranger's room. The landlord was called, who unlocked Seager's door with a pass key, but found it barricaded with the bed. As he tried to push the door open Seager fired through it, the ball lodging in the plaster across the hall. Seager then alternately broke up his furniture and fired his revolver at the door until thirteen shots had been fired. The crazy man then came out of his room and attempted to seize Joseph Holmes, another boarder, but the latter eluded him and got into another room, where a struggle took place, and the furniture was badly broken up. Holmes got loose and jumped from the window to the roof of the addition outside. Seager fled east along the hall, turning south into another bedroom, breaking off the doorlock. Here he threw a pitcher and basin into the street, breaking the window glass and smashing a door at his right, and then going to his own room he threw a considerable sum of money into the street.

He then made for the small window at the end of the hall, through which he scrambled out on the roof of the wing of the building, which was now surrounded by a thousand people, where he now pointed his revolver at his own head and fired, but he did not fall. He again ran at Holmes, who had followed him out, and whom he had felled with a pop bottle. Some one now shot him in the thigh, and as he fell he was secured. During the half hour or forty minutes the maniac was in his fantastic deviltry he was raving in the most violent manner. He became rational about 8 o'clock and said he had intended to throw himself from the roof. His only baggage was a pair of stout shoes. His clothes and hands indicate that he is a mechanic or laborer. Whether it was rum or lunacy which developed his natural cussedness in such a startling degree is unknown.

Passed in His Chips.

Robert F. Potee, a sort of John Oakhurst, of Missouri, committed suicide in the Missouri river, at the mouth of Jersey Creek, on July 9. He for years had been a sportingman, and had run a game in several of the Western cities, and was in that business in Kansas City, when by the recent order of Mayor Hillaker, all the gambling houses were closed.

The closing of his place affected Potee considerably, and he seemed very morose. On the day of the suicide he asked his dealer, E. M. Ross, to take a walk with him. The two walked toward the river conversing on ordinary subjects. At a point near the Fowler packing house, Potee, turning to his companion, said:

"Ross, if a man should commit suicide, would it annul his life insurance?"

"It would," Ross replied, "and furthermore, no one but a coward would do it. Have you any idea of taking your life?"

"None whatever," replied Potee, and then the two walked on a few steps without exchanging any further remarks. A moment later Potee said: "Ross, if anything should happen to me tell Joe Bussett to give me a decent burial," but it never once occurred to his dealer that Potee was revolving in his own mind the grim question of suicide, nor did Potee mention the subject again. He and Ross crossed the Kaw River bridge and strolled up the road to Wyandotte. In front of Collins' saloon, at the locality named, the two came to a halt.

"Go," said Potee, "and see Judge Sharp and ascertain the prospects for opening business in Wyandotte. Come right back and I will wait for you."

Then Ross went to see Judge Sharp, a block distant, and returning in ten minutes was astonished to find that Potee had disappeared. He looked for him at first without alarm, but failing to find him he began to fear that something had happened. Search was at once made, but not until some hours later was the body of the suicide found in a small bay of the Missouri river, where it had been carried by the current. Potee had lost a good deal of money lately, and it is believed this so worked upon his mind that he took his own life.

LOWNDES, the English wheelman, has performed a remarkable feat by driving his three-wheeled velocipede ten miles in 32½ minutes.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE GREAT SENSATION.

If you would keep pace with the times, and view the world as it is with all the modern improvements, including its newest phases of wickedness, don't fail to buy FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS, out every Sunday. Price 5 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St. New York.

JEM GOODE, the pugilist, is coming to America. At East Saginaw, Mich., on July 7, Buffalo Girl trotted a mile in 2:14.

SULLIVAN, it is reported, claims that when he meets Ryan he will knock him out in one round.

HADLEY, the colored pugilist of Bridgeport, Conn., is stopping with Hugh Riley, of Troy, N. Y.

E. H. ROBERTS defeated Wm. Lawrey in a 100-yard footrace at Chicago, Ill., on July 1; time, 1:18.

ALBANY sporting men are fairly carried away on C. A. C. Smith, the colored heavyweight champion.

It is reported that W. G. Gordon offered \$25,000, for the trotter Phyllas, which was declined by Mr. Case.

THE bay mare Croxle, by Clark Chief, record 2:19 1/4, will be sent to Kentucky to be bred to Dictator, full brother to Dexter.

CHARLEY NORTON is going to have a grand boxing picnic for gold medals at the Shooting Park, Newark, N. J., August 28.

A. W. HIGHAM won the 20-mile bicycle race with John S. Prince, at Rochester, N. Y., July 9. His time was given as 1h 5m 57 3/4s.

JAMES KEENAN, the noted sportingman, of Boston, is going to open a sporting house in Kneeland street, near Washington, Boston.

WILLIAM STEELE and T. C. Herbert have signed articles to run five miles for \$250 a side, on July 28, at the Elmira Driving park, N. Y.

A WARM admirer of Joe Bunker has wagered \$500 to \$1,000 that the first time that he meets Fannie Witherspoon at a race he will beat her.

BENNY CLUTE and Pat Curtin, have signed articles to fight for \$250 a side within two weeks, according to the rules of the London prize ring.

JOHN J. SULLIVAN and Austin Dally are matched to run 150 yards, for \$200, at the Fair Grounds, Brockton, Mass., July 21, between 4 and 6 P. M.

DAN MCCARTHY, a sailor, of Buffalo, and Mike McGavin, of Chicago, had a prize fight in a barn in the latter city on July 8. McCarthy proved the victor in three rounds.

"TIP" O'BRIEN and Bob Tey, fought at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 1; 19 rounds were got through in 1h. 20m. O'Brien ultimately knocking Tey senseless.

JOHN H. CLARK's bull terrier, "Topsy," and Mike Conroy's bull terrier, "Nell" ran 125 yards for \$50 at Echo Park, Philadelphia, Pa., July 9. "Topsy" won by a yard.

WHAT the POLICE GAZETTE would like to find is a pugilist to box or fight C. A. C. Smith, the colored heavyweight champion, for \$1,000. Here is a mark for the Prussian.

THE 200 yards handicap dog race promoted by James Dawson took place at Echo Park, Philadelphia, July 5 and was won by Scowcroft's Kitty. Diamond second and Gipsy third.

HENRY COULTER and James Taylor, two ex-champion scullers, the one of America and the other of England, have formed a copartnership in Pittsburg for the building of boats.

GORDON, the owner of Clingstone, recently added another fast stepper in George V. to his already formidable stable. The horse showed two fast miles, and was then purchased for \$5,000.

HANLAN, Hosmer, Lee, Plalsted and Teemer have consented to be present at the regatta to be held at Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 2, 3, 4. The regatta \$5,000 being assured.

MR. JEROME I. CASE, owner of the celebrated 5-year old trotter Jay Eye See, offers to match his horse against Maljolia for from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

THE POLICE GAZETTE medal to be competed for by the cigar makers of Troy N. Y., has been forwarded to Edward Boody, at Troy. The trophy is valued at \$50, and is well worth competing for.

THE race between Edward Hanlan and Wallace Ross for the championship of the world and a purse of \$4,000, will take place on the 18th July on the St. Lawrence river at Ogdensburg. Distance four miles.

JAMES DOUTGREY, of Mechanicsville, N. Y., the popular turfman, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE to deny that Amelia C, the fast trotter, has been sold for \$15,000. He says that amount would not purchase her.

DAVID DILLON, of Staten Island, and Fred Smith, of Brooklyn, have made a match to row a race in Whitehall boats for \$100 a side, from the Battery around Roblin's Reef lighthouse and return, on July 18.

A TROT, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for a purse of \$400, between Levy's Dutchman and Bennett's Unknown took place at Richmond, Va., July 8. Unknown took the first three heats in 2:49, 2:48, 2:41.

IN the mixed wrestling match between H. M. Dufur and Flagg, for \$250 and champion belt, at Bradford, Vt., on July 4. Flagg was the winner, securing the second, fourth and fifth falls, and Dufur the first and third.

JOHN MEAGHER won a three-mile walk at Lawrence, Mass., on July 4, securing the first prize of \$30. On the afternoon of same day he defeated Dennis Driscoll by one lap, in a walk at the Central Club games, winning \$25.

HENRY DUNN, the heavyweight wrestler, of Dearham, England, has arrived at Philadelphia, Pa. He is 22 years of age and weighs 210 lbs. He is considered the champion of the Cumberland and Westmoreland styles of wrestling.

WE should think that there are plenty of pugilists of the middleweight division who should at once come to the front and put up their money to fight Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian. Where is Rooke, Mike Donovan and Hughie Burns?

THE world renowned checker player, Mr. James Wylie, better known as the "Herd Laddie," has

just arrived from the West, and is at present a guest at the Biecker Street Hotel, New York, where he will be pleased to meet all lovers of the game of checkers.

AT a sporting and athletic entertainment given recently at Brattleboro, Vt., Prof. Haley was presented by his pupils with a beautiful gold watch, in consideration of his many gentlemanly qualities and abilities as a teacher. The exhibition was a complete success.

HENRY E. PFEIFER, the champion swimmer of the police department, has entered in the race for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, representing the swimming championship of the police departments of America, to be competed for on August 6 on the Harlem River.

W. C. HINMAN, with two yards start, won the 150 yards handicap foot race at Trinidad, Col., on July 4, receiving \$35 in cash; H. Gibbons, second, \$20; E. J. Holmes, third, \$10; Dan Sivyver, fourth, \$5. The second man had eight; the third, fourteen, and the fourth had nine yards start.

N. T. COLLINGE, the English swimmer, failed in his attempt to swim down the Hudson from Albany to New York. He was to have accomplished the distance in six days. The water was rough, and he was compelled to abandon the attempt after battling with the waves for 24 hours.

W. S. CONLEY, of Newark, N. J., and William Davis, of North Branch, N. J., shot a pigeon match at Reading, Pa., on July 4, for \$1,800. There was a large crowd of sporting men present, and considerable sums of money changed hands on the result. Conley was declared the winner. Score, 29 to 28.

D. BERGEN, of Paterson, N. J., won the first prize in the 135-yard handicap given by Abraham & Munley, at the Shooting Park, Newark, N. J., on Monday, July 2, \$60 in cash; J. E. Johnson (colored), of Newark, second, \$25; E. Cogan, of Paterson, third, \$10; H. Campbell, of Belleville, fourth, \$5.

JOHN MCKAY has posted \$100 in Boston in support of a challenge to W. M. Briceland, of Wheeling, W. Va., to row a three-mile race, with a turn, for \$500 a side, the race to be rowed within four weeks of signing articles at either Silver Lake, Mass., or within 25 miles of Wheeling, give or take expenses.

AMONG the sporting men who called on Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House during the week were Edgar Hayes, of Natick, Mass., and E. Gibbons, Shenandoah, Pa. They are both classed as "one of the boys," but neither of them, strange to say, ever tasted intoxicating drinks.

THE all-American 135 yards foot handicap was decided at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, Pa., on July 4, the final heat resulting as follows: H. Milton, 22 1/2 yards, first, \$200; Fred. Ernst, 16 yards, second, \$50; J. W. Shelton, 21 yards, third, \$35; J. Buck, 18 1/2 yards, fourth, \$15. There were about 700 persons present.

STEVE TAYLOR, the heavyweight champion pugilist of New Jersey, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office on July 9, and desired us to return thanks to John Burke, of the Beaverwyck, 547 Broadway, Albany, N. Y., and James Killoran, of Troy, N. Y., for favors extended during his trip to Albany and Troy.

AT Kansas City, on July 4, the pigeon shooting match between Fred Erb, of St. Joseph, Mo., and J. M. Hershey, of that city, for \$200 a side, fifty birds, was won by Hershey, the score standing: Hershey, 40, Erb, 38. The shoot was witnessed by a large crowd, and considerable money changed hands.

James McCann, of Colorado, and William Murphy, of St. Louis, met in the prize ring near Lawrence on July 12, for \$500. Eighteen rounds were fought in 1h 35m. Murphy had the advantage in first five rounds, but McCann after this had it all his own way. Murphy finally dropped from exhaustion, after having been badly punished.

JAMES PILKINGTON, of the "Golden Oar," New York city, has covered the \$100 deposited with Richard K. Fox by James Keenan, of Boston, on behalf of Wm. Elliott, and is prepared to back George Galsel to row him three miles (one and a half and return) for \$500 a side the match to come off in three weeks from signing articles.

JOHN P. CLOW and Harry Pierson met at West Turner Hall, Denver, Col., on July 7, to compete for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, offered by Richard K. Fox. Clow had the best of the contest all through, and the referee awarded him the trophy and gate money after boxing ten rounds, much to the annoyance of Pierson and his friends.

IN a barn on the north side Chicago, July 2, Dan McCarthy, a sailor, of Buffalo, and Mike McGavin, a rouabout of the Garden City, fought a prize fight for a small wager. McCarthy was the victor in three punishing rounds. McCarthy weighed 150 pounds, McGavin 180 pounds. The friends of McGavin are not satisfied, and are negotiating for another mill.

THE six hours' handicap bicycle race, two hours each evening, took place in the Milwaukee Exposition building on June 28, 29 and 30, and resulted as follows: W. J. Morgan, five miles start, first Wm. M. Woodside, scratch, second; Mlle. Louise Armand, ten miles start, third. The score at the finish was: Morgan, 103 miles. Woodside, 102 miles. Armand, 101 miles.

WE take the following from the *Spirit of the Times* of July 7: "Mr. Richard K. Fox has become a member of the Gentlemen's Driving Association, and is using the gray mare 'Police Gazette,' record 2:22, as a roadster."

The New York *Sun* of July 9 says: "Richard K. Fox has been elected a member of the association, and is handling the ribbons over his gray mare 'Police Gazette,' formerly 'Emma B.' record 2:22."

THE new Memphis Jockey club have at last selected the site for their new race track. It is within two miles of Court Square, in the northern portion of the city, and lies just half a mile beyond the terminus of the Main street car line in Chelsea. The tract purchased is known as the old Thomas place, and contains 105 acres. It is easy of access for conveyances, and the drive will be out Main or Second street. Work will be commenced at once to have the new course in complete order by the fall meeting, which begins Oct. 25.

THE great race for the Monmouth Cup, two miles and one-quarter, was run at Monmouth Park, Long Branch, N. J., on July 13. The only starters were Freddie Gebhardt's Eole, and G. L. Lorillard's Monitor, each with 125 lbs up. The race created considerable interest, and betting was \$1,000 to \$300 on Monitor. The race was won by Monitor in 4m 4s. At the finish there was such wild excitement by the people as was never seen before on a race course, except at the victory of Parole in Baltimore, when he beat Ten Broeck in 1877.

ON July 2, at Buffalo, N. Y., William Baker, of that city, and Mervine Thompson, signed articles of agreement to fight with gloves for \$200. Michael Hollaren and Henry Healy backed Baker and Duncan C. Ross found the stakes for Thompson. The pugilists were to have fought on July 1, but the police stopped the affair. It was then agreed that they should fight

at Long Point, Canada, but the match ended in a fizzle. Thompson is a powerfully built man of tremendous muscular development, weighing 225 lbs, very little of which is superfluous, and is anxious to fight anybody.

IMPORTANT notice to police athletes. The great two-mile swimming race for the POLICE GAZETTE medal, representing the swimming championship of the Police Departments of America, will be held on the Harlem river, New York, on Tuesday afternoon, Aug. 6, 1883. The contest is open to all policemen in America, and those eager to compete for the valuable trophy offered by Richard K. Fox, will please at once forward their names to this office. It was originally intended to have the race decided on July 24, but as the trophy will not be manufactured in time, it was found necessary to postpone the race.

A DESPERATE dog fight took place at Collier's Station, W. Va., on July 9, between Jack, a spotted dog, and a white canine name Crib, for a purse of \$500. Both dogs are owned in Pittsburgh, Pa., Jack by Tom Brown and Crib by John Walls, and both have figured in numerous fights. After a fierce combat lasting over half an hour it became Crib's time to scratch, but he refused. Before the referee had given his decision Jack jumped out of his owner's arms and attacked Crib. The latter's backers, according to rule, claimed the fight, and the referee allowed the claim, pronouncing Crib the winner.

AN exciting one-inning match at cricket was played on the Johnson avenue grounds at Newark, N. J., July 11, between the eleven of the Newark Amateur Football and Cricket club and an eleven of the Newark Cricket club. The former won the toss and, going to the bat, scored 97 runs in their first innings. Of this total F. Copley hit 64 in fine form. The Newark cricketers followed with 93, thus losing the match by 4 runs. The principal scores of the defeated side were: Herbert Knight, 35, not out; Woodman, 12, and McWood, 10. The Amateurs started their second innings, and when time was called had scored 27 runs for the loss of 6 wickets.

PROF. T. MONTE, the well known athlete, made an ascension with a balloon at Texarkana, Ark., on July 6. After the balloon ascended 1,000 feet, and immediately over Powder creek, it caught fire, and to the horror of the thousands of witnesses the balloon began to rip. Fortunately the burning side was up, and the rent on the lower side acted as a parachute, and he descended safely, not however before one of the trapeze ropes was burned in two. He lit in a cornfield nearly a mile south of town, comparatively unburnt, except his hands being badly burned. It was an exciting spectacle, and hundreds of people on foot, horseback and in vehicles hurried in the direction of where he fell, expecting to find him dead. The balloon was entirely consumed.

LETTERS are lying at the POLICE GAZETTE office for the following: Frank Seton (3), Harry Martin, Wm. Elliott, ex-champion sculler (2), Wm. Cummings, champion runner (2), Mike Cleary, Wm. Muldoon (2), Duncan C. Ross (6), D. F. Twomey, C. Davis, Steve O'Donnell, Dominick McCaffrey, Mike Donovan, Jem Mace (3), Mrs. Jem Mace (2), Herbert A. Slade, Harry Jennings, Captain Webb, E. T. Johnson, Mr. Twiss, Henry Myers, George W. Moore, Louis R. Miller, Charles Collins, Clarence Whistler, Tom Cannon, John Lacey, Dick Garvin, Henry W. Taylor, Frank Rose, E. M. Hackett, James Carlin, Geo. W. Wingate, O. Lewis, E. O. Ball, Frank C. Dobson, George Fulljames (2), L. E. Myers, James Keenan, Miss Ida Wallace, Mlle. Von Blumen, Homer Lane.

MITCHELL, the English champion, and Billy Madden, boxed at Pueblo, Col., a few days ago. Before Mitchell arrived several pugilists announced their willingness to have a shay at the famous pugilist, but when he arrived they weakened. Mitchell and Madden went on, and without any "foolishness" went to work in a manner that showed them to be what the public has claimed for them, viz., the two most expert and finished boxers in the world. Evidently Mitchell has no more regard for Madden's face and ribs than he had for Sullivan, when he let loose his right on one or two occasions, and struck Madden on the body with such force that it sounded like a 40-ton triphammer playing on a boiler. This brought forth loud cheers from the audience. Madden would retaliate with stinging blows on Mitchell's face, but they had no effect either in breaking Mitchell's blows or even jarring.

IF any of the middleweight pugilists are eager to arrange a match now is their opportunity. Arthur Chambers, of the Champion's Rest, at Philadelphia, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office yesterday and offered to back William Sheriff, the Prussian, who arrived from England on July 5, to fight any man in the country at 154 lbs. with bare knuckles, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for \$1,000 a side, or to fight at 158 lbs. with gloves, for the same stake. Sheriff is a well put together pugilist, and is willing to tackle Sullivan or any other man. Chambers is eager to match him to fight Mitchell before the latter meets Slade, but there is not any likelihood of a match being arranged, as Mitchell is on his way to the Pacific Slope and is satisfied that one match at a time is enough.—*New York Daily News*, July 11.

AT Hantzdale, recently, James Ryan attempted to knock James Smith out of time in four three-minute rounds, for \$200. A large amount was wagered on the result. Ryan stands 5 ft 11 in and weighs 160 lbs. Smith stands 5 ft 10 in and weighs 150 lbs. Dan Horn, of Ashland, Schuykill county, was referee. The fight was a desperate one. In the first round Ryan knocked Smith down three times, but he pluckily came up and punished Ryan terribly, and succeeded in knocking him down twice during the first three minutes. Betting, which had been \$50 to \$40 on Ryan, was now two to one on Smith, with few takers. In the second round Smith out-fought Ryan, and it looked more likely that he would knock out Ryan instead of the latter knocking him out, as Ryan had agreed to do. The third round ended the contest, for Ryan stopped, and gave up the task. Smith had the best of the contest all through.

THE following sporting men called on Richard K. Fox at the POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House during the week: Steve Taylor, Robert Turnbull, Tom McAlpine, Jim Patterson, Frank Stevenson, C. B. Hazleton, John Cornish, Jimmy Murray, Barney Maguire, Gus Hill, D. B. Sheahan (sculptor) Geo. Bartholomew, John A. Marsh, Manager of the Detroit News Co., Detroit; Henry E. Pfeifer, champion swimmer of the Police Department; James Quigley, champion wrestler of the Police Department; Capt. James C. Daly, Wm. Sheriff (alias "Prussian"), English middleweight pugilist; Arthur Chambers, retired light-weight champion, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry Woodson, Bob Smith, Tom Draper, John Leary, Hugh Burns, Tim. Driscoll, Bat Noonan, Bennie Greene, George Fulljames, Tom Maguire, Frank Maguire, Luke Welsh, Dan. Dougherty, Capt. McSweeney, Jack Comsey, Tim Buckley, Taunton, Mass., Michael Shaughnessey, Joe Magill, Ed. F. Mallahan.

THE long pending glove fight between Tom Brooks, of San Francisco, and Jack Nolan, the pugilist of Porkopolis, was decided at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, on July 9. The pugilists fought with regulation gloves, Queensberry rules, for a purse of, it is said \$500. A large crowd assembled to witness the affair, and Brooks was the favorite, it having been reported that he had proved himself a wonderful boxer on the Pacific slope. The contest, however, did not endorse Brooks' reputation, for in the first round, although he tried all he knew to finish Nolan, he was out-fought and knocked round like a rubber ball, and finally got knocked clean off his pins. In the second round Brooks forced the fighting, but Nolan landed his left straight home several times on Brooks' dial, and punished him terribly. Brooks displayed great pluck, facing the music, and countered Nolan heavily again and again with terrific force, but all to no purpose, for he was finally knocked down by a terrific right hand blow on the jaw. Brooks again faced the fighting shoemaker only to be pounded unmercifully. The excitement among the crowd was intense, but owing to the interference of the police no decision was given. If the pugilists had been allowed to finish Nolan would undoubtedly have won.

It was expected that a prize fight would have been arranged at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Wednesday, July 11, between Jimmy Murray, of Providence, R. I., who recently defeated Robert Turnbull, and George Fulljames, of Canada, for \$1,500 a side. At the hour appointed for the meeting, 2 o'clock, Murray (accompanied with his backer, Barney Maguire), "Bat" Noonan, Gus Hill, Bennie Greene, Tim Driscoll, Tom Maguire, Robert Turnbull, Bob Smith and a host of sporting men gathered in the parlors of the POLICE GAZETTE office, anxious to see the match made. A damper was cast on the proceedings when it was announced that Fulljames would not fight in less than four months from signing articles, whereas Murray wanted it decided in six weeks, which Fulljames would not agree to, giving as his reason that his constitution was run down owing to late hours, having to attend bar in his place of business all night, and it would require at least the time he asked to build himself up and get in proper condition for the fight. After a lot of talk, and finding that no satisfactory arrangement could be made, the parties left, so that for the present there is no prospect of their meeting in the ring to decide the question of superiority.

JOHN CALLAHAN and James McCoy, local pugilists, had a hard-glove fight recently in a barn at a point on the Brownsville road, about six miles from Pittsburg, Pa. The fight was for \$200 a side, and after seven hard fought rounds was declared in favor of McCoy, who proved himself the better man before the fourth round had been concluded. The fight was according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules, and was a very orderly affair. Both men are rather light, and were matched to fight about four weeks ago, but the fight was stopped by the police before the first round had been concluded. Both men were in good condition when they stepped into the ring but McCoy soon showed his superiority, having the best of the fight from the beginning. In the seventh round Callahan was knocked clean out of time and failed to respond when the eighth round was called. Although both men fought hard, neither was very badly punished. About 150 sporting men witnessed the battle. It was reported that another fight was to take place to-morrow between two New Yorkers at a point in West Virginia, and that the principals would arrive in this city at 11 o'clock. When the train arrived, however the pugilists could not be found, and it is thought that if there was to be a fight it has been declared off.

WILLIAM SHERIFF, "the Prussian," one of England's famous pugilists, is having a grand time at Arthur Chambers' "Champion's Rest," 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia. Chambers is doing everything for his new importation, and intends to pit him against some of the champions. The noted pugilist is making the "Champion's Rest" his headquarters, and the sporting men of Philadelphia have taken quite a fancy to him. If the Prussian is as good a man as when he defeated Denny—better known as "Bulldog"—Harrington, he will be a hard nut for any one to crack. Chambers is willing to find him the "sneaks of war" to tackle any of the champions except Sullivan, and as soon as Sheriff has been acclimated Chambers will announce what programme he has laid out for him. Mitchell, of course, is matched to fight Slade for a fair sized stake in September, and he has over his signature publicly announced that he will not arrange any match until he whips the New Zealand boxer or Slade whips him, so that the idea of thinking of a match between Mitchell and Sheriff is out of the question. We suppose, however, when Chambers announces that the "Prussian" is ready to fight, that George Rooke, Pete McCoy, Tom Sweeney or Mike Donovan will be eager to arrange a match with him. By the way, Burke, who fought a draw with Charley Mitchell, is expected here every day, with Jem Mace. Who knows but what Burke may throw down the gauntlet to box anybody? Hughie Burns, another pugilist, from Albion, who John Leary says "is a stayer and a two-handed fighter," is doing Gotham. He recently wanted Richard K. Fox to back him to fight Sullivan, but the latter refused to do so. Now what is to stop Burns from meeting the Prussian or Burke? A pugilist that has the backbone to agree to meet such a formidable and noted pugilist as Sullivan, should not be averse to arranging a match with any one breathing. Judging from the outlook on the arrival of Mace, Slade and Burke, there will be another boom in prize ring circles. It is an old saying where there is smoke there is fire. So with so many "champions" eager for the fray, there should be some matches arranged, and one or two first class mills fought. Lately there has been several what is known in England as pot-house prize fights, in fact, they have not been half as important or desperate as these off-hand affairs across the water. Sporting men who patronize first class prize fights, and are willing to do so, are fighting shy of these \$20 mills, which generally end in a draw or do not come off at all, if the sporting men who patronize them don't spill freely into the hat, or the demand for \$5 pasteboards don't come up to the expectations of the managers. These side show prize fights amount to nothing, and the time is past when the brokers and bankers are eager to pay a ten-dollar note to see two pugilists "in harness," understanding each other, box three or four rounds and then agree to a draw. A first class mill between noted pugilists who mean business is worth a long journey to witness, but what is called a prize fight between duffers who are unknown to fame except within the radius of the sporting drum they rendezvous at is not worth wasting time over, let alone paying money to witness, and then to find out it is only a pre-arranged affair.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

A RELIABLE ARTICLE.

DR. E. CUTLER, Boston, Mass., says: "I found it to realize the expectations raised, and regard it as a reliable article."

SAN FRANCISCO sporting men must look out for a danger light or they will be nipped heavily in betting on the result of wrestling matches. A few days ago Edwin Bibby received a despatch from the agent of a well known wrestler who is working the slope in these fixed matches, offering him a consideration to go to San Francisco to give wrestling exhibitions. Tom Cannon, the wrestler who, under the name of John Graham, champion of England, wrestled Whistler and hoodwinked the sporting men of Louisville, Ky., by pretending he was Graham, received the despatch, and representing himself to be Bibby, received a railway ticket and expenses to go to the Pacific slope. Bibby finally received another despatch from San Francisco in person, and wired for information, which immediately came. He found out what Cannon had done but the latter, as he found that his game was spoiled, jumped from St. Louis, Mo. Since then it is understood Cannon has left for the Pacific slope, and we suppose he will engage in a wrestling hippodrome match under the name of Dufur, Ross or some other noted wrestler.

AMONG the living freight landed from the National line steamship, Erin, July 11, were Iroquois, Aranza and Parthenia, three horses that carried Mr. Pierre Lorillard's colors on the English turf. W. M. Bishop had charge of the animals, and he landed them in good condition. The accommodations for the horses comprised all that might be needed in rough weather, but the sea was comparatively smooth all the way over. Parthenia was a little upset at first by the motion of the vessel, but soon got sea legs, and thereafter was as undisturbed as Iroquois or Aranza, who behaved like old salts from the start. The Erin left London on June 27. Iroquois won the Levant Stakes for two-year-olds in 1880. In the same year he won the Two-year-old Stakes at the Goodwood, Newmarket, and Epsom meetings, and in 1881 he had a walk-over for the Three-year-old Stakes. He then achieved enduring fame by winning the Derby, the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot, the St. James Palace Plate at the same meeting, the St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster, and two or three other races. He did not run last year, and this year he was beaten at Ascot, but won the Stockbridge Cup on Thursday, June 21. The only race in which Aranza has been successful was the contest for the Johnstone Plate at Stockbridge this year. Parthenia has not been successful in any of the contests for which she was entered. Iroquois is now five years old, Aranza the same age, and Parthenia three years old. The horses will be sent to Mr. Lorillard's farm at Jobstown for the present. From present appearances Iroquois will be fit to race in about ten days. Then sweepstakes will probably be made in which he will take part with the best racers on his native heath.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

A fraudulent and illegal lottery in Kentucky has recently paid into certain newspapers a statement as if made by the Board of Philadelphia, to the effect that Gen'l Beauregard and Early, Commissioners for the drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, had confessed in a recent interview that they only arranged two drawings a year, and furthermore, that the prizes were paid to fictitious persons. The public is hereby advised that the statement is an utter forgery; that no such interview occurred, nor did the Philadelphia Record ever state that it did occur. Every drawing, monthly and semi-annual, of The Louisiana State Lottery Company is under the sole control of Gen'l Beauregard and Early, as they state in every advertisement of The Company over their own signatures, and that millions of dollars have been paid in prizes all over the country is a matter of general notoriety. The public will have fuller information both as to the character and motives of the illegal and fraudulent concern in this monstrous attack, as soon as the facts can be put into form for the press.

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MRS. W. H. STILSON,

No. 16 Tyler St., Boston, Mass.

April 18, 1883.

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ELISHA NOYSE,

April 14, 1883.

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Gratefully,

GEO. P. COX.

MALDEN, MASS., April 23, 1883.

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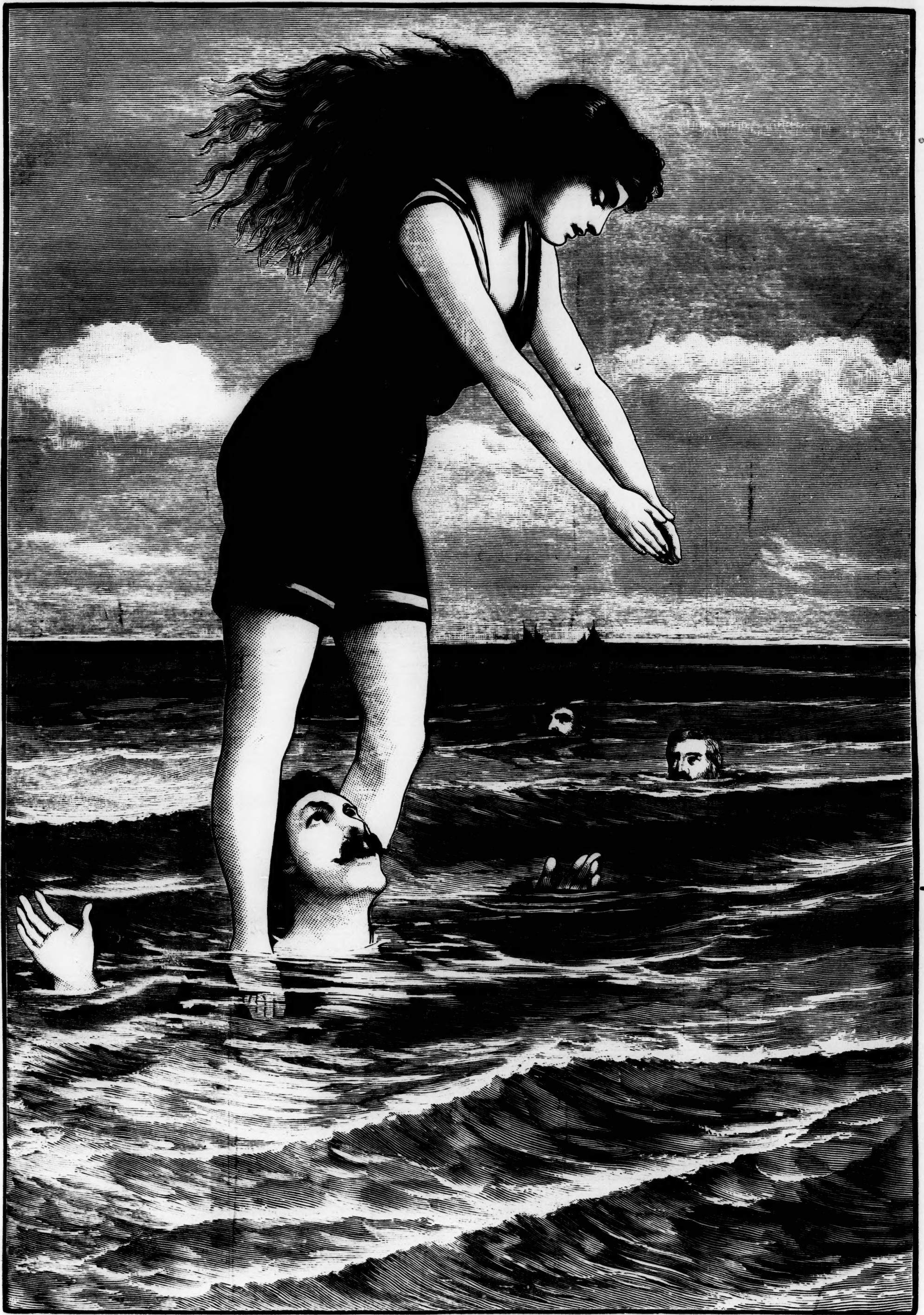
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